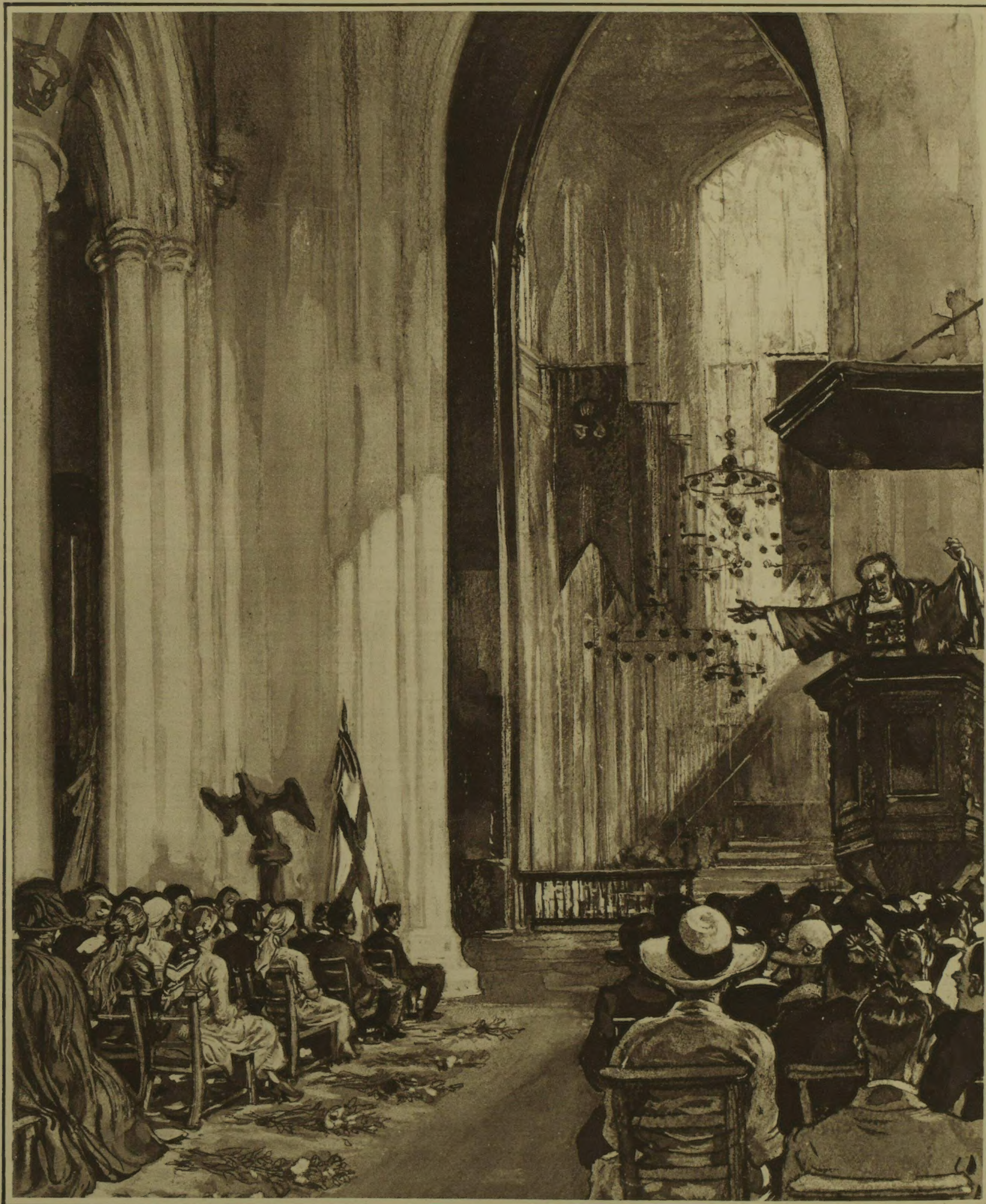


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1921.

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BOLSHEVISM IN AN ESSEX CHURCH: THE "RED" VICAR OF THAXTED PREACHING—(ON THE LEFT) A MIXED CHOIR (INCLUDING GIRLS IN COLOURED VEILS) AND THE FLAG OF ST. GEORGE.

The Vicar of Thaxted, the Rev. Conrad Noel, combines Bolshevism, for which he claims to find sanction in the Gospel, with incense and elaborate mediæval vestments and ritual. He hangs the Red flag and the Sinn Fein flag in his church, and issues leaflets, called the Thaxted Tracts, one of which contains an appeal "to help the Catholic Crusade to shatter the British Empire, and all other Empires, to bits." In a recent sermon he said that the object of the Catholic Crusade was a Workers' International. On May 21 a meeting of 500 parishioners condemned the Vicar's action as "outrageous and an insult to sensible and law-

abiding citizens." The Bishop of Chelmsford wishes all Church-people to know that "the deplorable affairs at Thaxted are engaging his most earnest attention." Describing the service there on Trinity Sunday, our artist says: "The choir is a mixed one and sits in the nave. The girls wear veils of different colours and materials. The congregation was largely composed of very young men and girls. The Union Jack has been banished from the church as an emblem of 'Snatch, grab and brag' and 'Might is right,' and the flag of St. George substituted as representing 'Right is might.'"

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE have been told often enough that organisation means efficiency. It would be far truer to say that organisation always means inefficiency. This does not in the least mean that we should not organise. Sometimes the organisation is inevitable, and then the inefficiency is equally inevitable. Organisation necessarily creates a chain of human or living links on which everything hangs; the chain cannot be stronger than its weakest link, and it will have many weak links. To say that organisation means inefficiency is only to repeat, in the more pedantic modern language, the old proverb "If you want a thing done, do it yourself." If a peasant can grow a cabbage himself, cook it himself, and eat it himself, he has so far attained the maximum of efficiency and certainly the maximum of economy. Organisation means that he must trust the cabbage to strangers on a train, strangers on a trolley, strangers in a shop, until by infinite financial complications he can get it exchanged for a turnip or a cauliflower; and at every one of those stages it is in danger from every one of those strangers.

I am not saying that he should not change his cabbage for a cauliflower, or that the exchange could be made without some organisation. What I say is that if there is some organisation there will be some inefficiency; and if there is more organisation there will be more inefficiency. The only faultless and final piece of efficiency, full and rounded like the turnip, is that in which the same turnip or cabbage passes from the peasant's kitchen-garden to the peasant's kitchen, and from the peasant's kitchen to the peasant's inside. With every man you add to that process you do, by inevitable logic, increase the

chance of the cabbage being lost, of the cabbage being stolen, of the cabbage being sold at a loss, of the cabbage being kicked about in the dirt till it is no more than a cabbage-stalk. I do not object to the peasant purchasing and eating the cauliflower as a variant on too continuous a diet of cabbage; but I say he should all the more value and even venerate the cauliflower because of the dangers it has passed, the myriad chances of destruction it has evaded, in threading its way through the deadly jungle of organisation. It has had a hundred hairbreadth escapes, for it has passed through a hundred human hands. That luckless vegetable has been lost in a forest of men as trees walking: of men of the sort summarised as mostly fools; of human trees which are at least tolerably green. It is almost a wonder that the peasant does not preserve the vegetable in a shrine instead of putting it on a dish.

I cannot count how many vital and valuable human institutions have been sacrificed to this one simple and silly idea—the idea that by making a thing large we make it orderly; whereas making it large is obviously more likely to make it loose. It may be necessary to send forty little boys to one schoolmaster, because it is practically difficult to provide one schoolmaster for one little boy. But any practical and conscientious schoolmaster will tell you that he had rather the forty boys

were twenty, or even that the twenty were ten. But, curiously enough, the truth now everywhere admitted about schoolmasters is now everywhere reversed about schools. While a teacher is considered enlightened and even advanced if he firmly refuses to teach more than five and a half babies how to dissect a dandelion, a system of teaching is also considered enlightened and advanced if it can boast that 5,000,000 babies are all dissecting exactly the same sort of dandelions at exactly the same instant of time. While the individual teachers express a longing to be allowed to get nearer to their individual pupils, the systems of teaching actually brag and boast of not being individual. And, of course, the first is modern and must be right, and the second is modern and must be right; and if they contradict each other, each must be right without the other being wrong. I see that Mr. Wells was lamenting the other day that our school systems were not sufficiently systematised. He did not use the word systematised; he actually used the word stereotyped. He said he wanted certain lessons stereotyped,

but very stubborn national instincts fighting against it. In England it is resisted by the English eccentricity of moods and humours. In America it is resisted by the American fire and fighting spirit, and a certain fine levity about obedience to the law. In the peasant democracies, like France or Serbia or Ireland, it can never get any real foothold at all. There the fundamental truism about wanting a thing well done and doing it yourself is instinctively and universally understood. This does not mean that a moderate amount of organisation is not good for peasants, or is not desired by peasants, or is not done by peasants. The point is that the proportions between primary and secondary things stand solid in the mind. The primary fact is that a man can support himself, and thus only can govern himself. The secondary fact is that he wishes to enrich and vary experience by various forms of experiment and exchange. To these secondary social activities are loosely attached a large number of more or less legitimate figures of speech and symbolical summaries, such as that which

compares the community to a ship or a tree or a single man. But the theorists of modern amalgamation simply lived by a metaphor, and generally a mixed metaphor.

Nothing is really organised except an organism. We naturally use the terms of it in an easier and more extensive fashion, just as the same word "organ," which is applied to the heart or the stomach, may also mean a barrel organ or a church organ. But we should be misled if we expected from the barrel-organ the peculiar antics of the man or even the monkey. The organ cannot invent a tune any more than it can grow a tail.

And such things cannot be done merely by a social machine any more than by a musical machine. In church the largest and most elaborate organ must still depend upon the smallest and most minute organist. And, just as mistakes may be made by the organist because he is a man, mistakes may be made by the organiser because he is a man. The social organiser is not organically connected with society. He cannot raise a forest as he raises a finger, nor can he cast a city down merely because he puts his foot down. Though he may think himself a giant, his limbs do not really elongate themselves along all the roads of a continent; and, though he is very frequently a fool, his eyes are not in that sense in the ends of the earth. He can only reach out to all these remote things through a long series of intermediaries, generally in literally enormous numbers, as in the case of armies or organised labour. Other men must plant the forest, and they may strike. Other men must bombard the city, and they may mutiny.

This is something like the sinister position to which our craze for complex organisation has already brought us. I will not attempt to forecast here the issue of such a problem; but I think it well for us to remember the fundamental and forgotten fact—that the one and only real type of efficiency is the turnip-headed rustic left alone with his turnip.



THE WINNER "LED IN" IN ANCIENT GREECE: A RACING RESULT ON A VASE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The horse and jockey are preceded by a herald who is proclaiming the result: the words are to the effect that "The horse of Duseikeos is the winner." Following is a youth with the prize—a crown and a large tripod. The design is a copy of one on a Greek vase in the British Museum.

notably the chemical experiments, which he wanted fixed for ever on a film, to avoid the expense and bother of conducting them with a jar or a piece of wire. It would certainly have its advantages. For instance, it would conceal the fact that the real experiment often fails, or (with even grosser impropriety) proves the wrong thing. Behind the figured film, like the embroidered veil of Isis, the august secrets of science can be preserved. Of course, I know that Mr. Wells merely meant, in all innocence, to give efficient chemical instruction in the most economical manner; but I think there is a certain irony in the innocence which is not without its application to scientific infallibility. The point is here, however, that, whatever it is that Mr. Wells wants stereotyped, a considerable school of current culture wants everything stereotyped. It wants all the pupils in the school to be exactly the same, and all the schools in the country to be exactly the same. It admits that many little mistakes have been made in the past, and pointed out in the past. It wants to make the next mistake on a really large and magnificent scale, with nobody to point it out.

This is the great modern ideal of organisation, of which the ideal would be too tight and the reality would be too loose. It menaces both England and America, but both in America and England there are many more or less submerged

NOTED BY THE CAMERA: NEWS OF THE DAY BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FREY, STANLEY, SWAINE, RUGE (BERLIN), AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



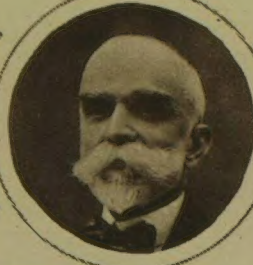
A FAMOUS ACTRESS DEAD:
THE LATE LADY BANCROFT.



THE LATE EARL OF
SHREWSBURY.



THE LATE SIR MELVILLE
MACNAGHTEN.



EX-PREMIER OF PORTU-
GAL: SENHOR MACHADO.



PRECENTOR OF LINCOLN:
REV. E. M. BLACKIE.



A NEW PEER: VISCOUNT
LONG OF WRAXHALL.



THE "RED" VICAR OF THAXTED:
THE REV. CONRAD NOEL.



CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATES REMOVING THE RED FLAG FROM THAXTED CHURCH:
A PROTEST AGAINST THE VICAR'S BOLSHEVISTIC TENDENCIES.



THE CURATE OF THAXTED: THE
REV. JOHN BUCKNILL (LEFT).



THE PIT PONIES "ST. LEGER" AT DONCASTER: A UNIQUE RACE MADE
POSSIBLE BY THE COAL CRISIS.



THE FUNERAL OF HINDENBURG'S WIFE: THE COFFIN FOLLOWED
BY HINDENBURG AND PRINCE OSCAR OF PRUSSIA.



PRINCESS MARY'S INTEREST IN THE WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY:
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.



CHOOSING THE ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM TO PLAY THE AUSTRALIANS:
(L. TO R.) MESSRS. SPOONER, FOSTER, AND DANIELL.

Lady Bancroft, the famous actress, wife of Sir Squire Bancroft, died at Folkestone on May 22, aged eighty.—The late Earl of Shrewsbury was a pioneer of hansom cabs, and the first to run cabs with noiseless tires in London and Paris.—The late Sir Melville Macnaghten was Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department from 1903 to 1913.—A military coup took place in Lisbon on May 21, when the Premier, Senhor Bernardino Machado, and all his Ministers were arrested.—The Rev. E. M. Blackie, Vicar of Windsor, has been appointed Precentor of Lincoln Cathedral and Archdeacon of Stow, in place of the Rev. John Wakeford.—Mr. Walter Long, who was recently raised to the Peerage, has taken the title of

Viscount Long of Wraxhall.—The Red Flag removed from Thaxted Church by Cambridge undergraduates was sent to the Bishop of Chelmsford. The Curate of Thaxted wears a costume that is not markedly clerical.—A race meeting, called the Pitmen's St. Leger was held at Doncaster recently in aid of funds for feeding miners' children.—Princess Mary received purses on behalf of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, at Church House, Westminster, on May 19. The Bishop of London and Dean Inge are seen in our photograph.—The English cricket team for the first Test Match was chosen by the M.C.C. Selection Committee, Messrs. R. H. Spooner, H. K. Foster, and J. Daniell.

FAR AND NEAR: PRINCELY VISITORS; EVENTS IN EGYPT AND IRELAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SMITH (EDINBURGH), LAFAYETTE, C.N., VANDYK, AND L.N.A.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS: H.R.H. (CENTRE BACK-GROUND) IN A GROUP AT STAR CASTLE, A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BUILDING.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AT EDINBURGH: H.I.H. GREETING THE CITY'S YOUNGEST "WOLF CUB," AT A REVIEW OF BOY SCOUTS.



QUELLING RIOTS AT ALEXANDRIA: GEN. F. S. MONTAGUE-BATES, COMMANDING TROOPS THERE.



MURDERED, WITH HER HUSBAND, IN THE BALLYTURIN AMBUSH: THE LATE MRS. BLAKE.



MURDERED, WITH HIS WIFE, IN THE BALLYTURIN AMBUSH: CAPTAIN AND DISTRICT INSPECTOR BLAKE.



IRISH ELECTIONS: THE HON. H. MULHOLLAND SPEAKING AT A UNIONIST MEETING AT BALLYWALTER, CO. DOWN.



THE UNION JACK IN BELFAST: SHIPYARD WORKERS MARCHING TO ULSTER HALL TO INVADE A SOCIALIST MEETING.

During his visit to the Scilly Islands, the Prince of Wales took lunch at Star Castle, which dates from 1593, and commands a wide view of the islands. The photograph shows, from left to right (standing): Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, Sir Godfrey Thomas, Major Dorrien-Smith (Governor of the islands and the Prince's host), the Prince, Lord Glasgow, Mr. Walter Peacock, and Mr. W. T. Jeffery (the Duchy Agent); (sitting) Miss Fergusson, Lady Keyes, Mrs. Dorrien-Smith, Lady Fergusson, Master D. Jeffery, and Mrs. Jeffery.—The Crown Prince of Japan on May 21 witnessed a review of Scottish Boy Scouts in the King's Park, Edinburgh. Our photograph shows him

greeting the youngest of them, a Wolf Cub named Walter Ross.—It was stated on May 24 that British troops under General F. S. Montague-Bates had occupied Alexandria, where riots occurred in which 23 people (including 5 Europeans) were killed and 130 wounded. No British casualties were reported.—District-Inspector Blake and his wife, with Captain Cornwallis and Lieut. McCreery, both of the 17th Lancers, were murdered in an ambush on Sunday, May 15, at the gates of Ballyturin House, near Gort, Co. Galway. Mrs. Blake was pierced by twelve bullets.—At the Unionist election meeting at Ballywalter, Lords Londonderry, Castlereagh, and Dunleath were on the platform.

THE PRINCE IN THE WEST: BRADNINCH; DARTMOOR; AND THE SCILLIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL; L.N.A.; AND C.N.



BOUND FOR CRANMERE POOL: THE PRINCE OF WALES (2ND FROM LEFT) STARTING FOR A TEN-MILE WALK OVER DARTMOOR.



PASSING UNDER THE DARTMOOR TIMBER TRANSPORT CABLE: THE PRINCE LEAVING PRINCETOWN FOR A RUN WITH THE LAMERTON FOXHOUNDS.



WITH A FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS: THE PRINCE AND "GIRLIE."



FINDING YOUNG SEA-GULLS ON ANNET: THE PRINCE ON AN ISLAND INHABITED ONLY BY BIRDS.



A FLORAL TRIBUTE FROM A SCILLONIAN: THE PRINCE RECEIVING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FROM MISS JACKSON.



BEARING 46 NAMES, INCLUDING THE GOVERNOR'S SISTER: THE SCILLIES' WAR MEMORIAL AT OLD TOWN, ST. MARY'S, UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



AT AN OLD DEVON BOROUGH LAST VISITED BY ROYALTY IN 1644: THE PRINCE LAYING A WREATH ON BRADNINCH WAR MEMORIAL.

After leaving Exeter, where his Western tour began, the Prince of Wales motored to Bradninch, a little town in the Devon hills with a proud past—it was once a borough and returned two Members to Parliament. Many arches of welcome had been put up. Here the Prince laid a wreath on the war memorial and opened a recreation ground. Thence he proceeded through Exmouth, Dawlish, Paignton, Teignmouth, Torquay, and Dartmouth, where he visited the Royal Naval College, to Princetown, on Dartmoor. On May 19 he had a run with the Lamerton Foxhounds, mounted first on Mr. Clarence Spooner's Satan, and later on Commander

Davey's Jupiter. After visiting his tenants at Fernworthy he took a ten-mile walk over Dartmoor to Cranmere Pool. Next day he crossed in a destroyer, H.M.S. "Wallace," from Devonport to the Scilly Islands, whose landlord he is, and stayed at Tresco Abbey with the Governor, Major Dorrien-Smith. The Scillies were part of the ancient earldom of Cornwall before 1337. At Old Town, on St. Mary's, the Prince unveiled the islands' War Memorial. He also went out in the lifeboat, and visited the other islands of St. Martin's, St. Agnes, Bryher, and Annet, the last a haunt of sea-birds with no human population.

THE FIRST TEST MATCH AGAINST THE AUSTRALIANS:

PORTRAITS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND VANDYK.



ENGLAND'S CRICKET TEAM.

By MAJOR R. O. EDWARDS, O.B.E.

THE members of the Selection Committee have deserved the sympathy of sportsmen throughout the country during these past few weeks. At the outset their task was a difficult one, for no arrangements had been made to play any trial games, and the memory of those five decisive matches in Australia was not calculated to inspire an unduly optimistic feeling. Added to all this, misfortune persistently hindered their work, and warped their deliberations.

Mr. H. K. Foster, Mr. R. H. Spooner and Mr. J. Daniel treated their responsibilities seriously, and they have had a very busy time in acting the part of private detectives on this ground and that, searching for the wherewithal to build up a convincing eleven, and one that was likely to cause Warwick Armstrong's coalition perturbed slumbers. Now, these same selectors have earned our utmost thanks and unqualified praise for the splendid side they have chosen to represent England in the first of the Test Matches at Trent Bridge. Handicapped by the injuries to Charles Fry and Hobbs, and the widely deplored breakdown in health of J. W. Hearne, they have managed to solve an exceedingly complicated plot with every credit to themselves, and to the satisfaction of an overwhelming majority of cricketers, not to say a vast array of uninvited team-suggestors, amusing and otherwise.

Whether the men of their choice are capable of defeating so fine a team as that sent over by Australia is, of course, an open question; but it seems to me the fates are at least propitious. In the first place, these Australians individually are exceptionally fine cricketers, and they have a wonderfully cunning and astute captain. This much is frankly admitted. But are they quite so strong collectively as some previous combinations that have visited us? It would be invidious for me to compare them with the very early teams, because my experience goes no further back than Blackham's 1893 side. My contention is that they are not, and here are two important reasons that lead me to this conclusion.

In the first place, their fielding can only be described as erratic. At Leicester, the Oval, and Leyton, it sank to the level of mediocrity. Numerous chances were missed, and the ground-fielding was by no means clean. On the other hand, at Lord's last Saturday, they surpassed themselves. Nevertheless, here is a weakness in their armour. Let us begin to sit up and take nourishment.

Next, reams of paper have been used to eulogise

their terrible bowling, but where are the sticky wicket bowlers? Armstrong has yet to prove himself one, for his best work has been done on fast or easy-paced wickets. Gregory and MacDonald, with their long run, will find it no easy matter to obtain a foothold, and, methinks, their deliveries will cut through. Mailey infinitely prefers a pitch with life in it. Collins seems to have lost all his spin, and

Macartney, great enterprising batsman though he is, can hardly be compared to a J. V. Saunders, Hugh Trumble, or Bill Howell. Hendry, a capital cricketer of much promise, has to justify himself as a bowler. In the last series of Test Matches, MacDonald averaged 65.33 per wicket; Ryder, 58.33; Collins, 42.00; Mailey, 26.27; Gregory, 24.17; and the genial skipper, 22.66. To cut a long story short, it is only a certain section of the Press that has "boosted" up their bowling to the skies, not themselves. They know they are not an extraordinary power in attack. Here, then, is a second negative to invulnerability.

We can claim one distinct advantage over the Australians, which, as cricketers, we would gladly dispense with. We have a "twelfth man" in our uncertain climate. It is not cricket, but, all the same, it is an important point that cannot be overlooked. It must be reckoned with. There can be no doubt that our visitors are as much affected by our murky atmospheric conditions as we are by their almost tropical heat.

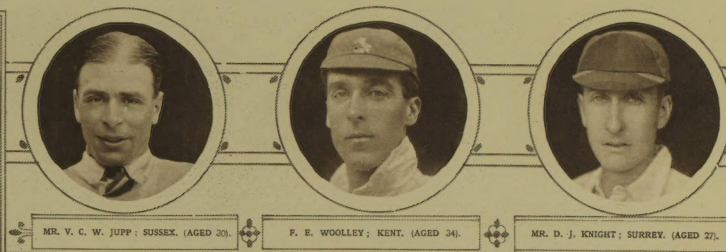
The Australians are devoid of nerves. Their temperament for Test cricket is proverbial. They have a remarkable personality and a born leader at their head. Perfect harmony and *esprit de corps* exists in their camp, and this is a matter of vital importance with a touring side. No happier team has ever visited these shores. If they beat us, we shall acclaim their victory with three-times-three, and only those silly little people,



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE FIRST BRIDGE, NOTTINGHAM—THE FAMOUS CRICKET

THE ENGLISH TEAM; AND THE SCENE OF THE CONTEST.

PHOTOGRAPH OF TRENT BRIDGE BY C. F. SHAW.



who think England must never lose, and when she does, proceed to hurl mud at her representatives, and bleat about the decadence of English sport, will grieve. They don't count in the great big world of cricket.

What our men have got to realise is that no cricket team is unbeatable; and this cheery Australian crowd is in no sense an exception. They must curb the English cricket nature for being too impetuous. Let them play themselves in quickly but thoroughly. In the field they must be on their toes to every ball, and the bowlers inculcate the keenness of Gregory and MacDonald.

A word or two in conclusion upon the chosen ones. J. W. H. T. Douglas is a captain with rare fighting qualities, who has the ability to command and the skill to play; possessed of iron nerve, and a reputation to come off in big games. At his right hand stands England's most experienced Test-match cricketer—Wilfred Rhodes, the only Englishman who has scored over 1000 runs and taken 100 wickets in England v. Australia matches. Although now forty-three years of age, he is still our principal slow left-hand bowler, and for the last two seasons has topped the English averages. He has taken more wickets in first-class cricket than any bowler in the world. He has gone in last for England, and more frequently first. His fielding even won us the Old Trafford match in 1905. A trusty cricketer, good at need, and deservedly popular everywhere he plays.

Donald Knight, of Malvern, Oxford, and Surrey, is perhaps the most stylish batsman to-day. Here is no gambler by the Committee. They know what he can do. They have implicit faith in him, and he will win his spurs before many days. First-wicket down is his place, so it seems to me. He is a holder of unconsidered trifles.

in the slips when Howell is on, and dependable anywhere in the field for the others.

Next we have that nonchalant man of Kent, Frank Woolley. Modest to a degree, as all great cricketers are. Tall, loose-limbed, with a free-swinging bat, and additionally useful in being left-handed. Like Rhodes, he sighs for a sticky wicket, and what a deadly pair they will prove the day that happens. Australia will be there, or thereabouts!

Patsy Hendren is an enterprising batsman, who has developed by gradual process a sound defence. He can get runs quickly, or put his tongue in his cheek and defy the best bowlers for hours at a stretch. Brilliant field in the deep, square-leg, or in the slips, he now covets Hobbs's monopoly at cover. Must surely be booked for all five Tests.

Percy Holmes, possibly the most reliable first-wicket batsman next to Hobbs in the country, is an admirable choice, who will not let the side down: possessed of every conceivable scoring stroke, which he makes to perfection, and a cast-iron best Yorkshire defence: even more famous as an outfield, in which position Cecil Burton tells me he has never dropped one for Yorkshire yet. He crosses the ball at third man in a style reminiscent of David Denton in his best days. He owes much of his present position to the careful nursing and encouragement of his County captain, whose faith in him would fill a ten-acre field of mustard.

Richmond should cause the Australians much anxiety, more especially at Trent Bridge, where he knows every blade of grass by name. A bowler of the "googly" type, with a better command of length than most. A most willing cricketer, as the writer can testify, but not worth many runs this side of the Millennium.

One has had opportunities of speaking to several members of the M.C.C. Team since their return, not to say Australians, and one gathered that "down under" Howell bowled with extraordinarily bad luck. At Nottingham, he will have all the slips he wants, and may Dame Fortune smile on him! He can bowl all day, if necessary, but is a "tail" bat.

The remaining three places are being filled by V. C. W. Jupp, E. Tyldesley, and H. Strudwick. The first is a very capable all-round cricketer; and the Lancastrian adds strength to the batting. Both are brilliant in the field. Jupp will no doubt be our cover, *vice* the absent Hobbs. Temperamentally fitted for strenuous test cricket, each is sure to give of his best. Strudwick is forty-one years of age, and has long been famous.



R. HOLMES; YORKSHIRE. (AGED 33).



COL. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS; ESSEX. (AGED 36).



ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN: COL. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS.



TEST MATCH, FIXED TO BEGIN ON MAY 28; TRENT BRIDGE, NOTTINGHAM—THE FAMOUS CRICKET GROUND ON THE RIGHT ACROSS THE RIVER.

Enormous interest has been taken in the first Test Match of the season against the Australians, arranged to open at Nottingham on Saturday, May 28. The choice of the English team was entrusted to Messrs. H. K. Foster, R. H. Spooner, and J. Daniel, as the M.C.C. Selection Committee. They are seen at work in a photograph given elsewhere in this number. By May 22, after long deliberation, they had chosen only eight of the team, and there was considerable doubt as to filling the remaining places. It is

interesting to compare the different ages of the men playing, as given under their portraits. The famous Trent Bridge Ground at Nottingham has been the scene of many historic matches. Our photograph (hitherto unpublished) shows it in the right background. The road to the left of it leads to Newark and the road to the right (nearest to the far side of the river) to Leicester. In the left background is seen a corner of the Nottingham Forest football field. No change in the English team is likely.

FANCIED FOR THE DERBY: HORSES THAT HAVE WON FAVOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUGH AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



LORD LONDONDERRY'S POLEMARCH.



MR. JAMES WHITE'S GRANELY.



LORD ALLENDALE'S GOLDENDALE.



MR. W. WHINERAY'S
LEIGHTON.



MR. J. B. JOEL'S HUMORIST.



MR. JOSEPH WATSON'S LEMONORA.



SIR J. BUCHANAN'S ALAN BRECK.



LORD ASTOR'S CRAIG AN ERAN.

This year's Derby, to be run at Epsom on Wednesday, June 1, promises to be well up to its predecessors in interest and excitement. The records go back to 1780, when the race was won by Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed (S. Arnall up). During the war years (1915 to 1918, inclusive) the Derby was run at Newmarket, over the Suffolk Stakes course. The 1918 race was memorable for the first win by a woman owner, Lady J. Douglas, whose successful horse was

Gainsborough. The first post-war Derby, in 1919, was won by Lord Glanely's Grand Parade, and last year's race by Captain G. Loder's Spion Kop. The horses illustrated above include those which, at the moment of writing, have won most support for the coming event; but prophecy is dangerous, and, dealing with the subject in advance, we cannot tell whether all these horses will be still in the running by the time these lines appear.

ENGLAND'S "BIG FOUR": OUR POLO TEAM AGAINST THE AMERICANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROUGH.



NO. 3 (AND CAPTAIN): MAJOR V. N. LOCKETT.

This will be Major Lockett's third encounter with the Americans, as he played back in both the 1913 and 1914 teams. In 1913 we were beaten, but only by a very narrow margin, and if it had been played under English rules as to scoring, it is possible that we might have won. In the 1913 team the names were: Captain Cheape, 1; Captain Noel Edwards, 2; Captain (now Colonel) R. E. Ritson, 3; and Major Vivian Lockett, Back. In 1914, when we won, our team was Captain (now Colonel) H. A. Tomkinson, 1; Captain Cheape, 2; Captain Barrett, 3; and Major Lockett, Back. This year Major Lockett has elected to play No. 3, a position in which he has played with his own regimental team, that famous 17th Lancer combination which swept all before it in the Indian Inter-Regimental before the war, and also won the Hurlingham Inter-Regimental last season here. Major Lockett, in some people's opinion, is a better back than he is a "3," but he is brilliant in both positions, and there is no better O.C. defence than he in the whole world.



NO. 2: MAJOR F. W. BARRETT.

He first learnt his polo in India with that first-class polo regiment, the 15th Hussars, who for so many years were cocks of the walk in the land of Ind. In 1913 Major Barrett was tried for England v. America, and went out to America with our team. He did not manage to fit himself to the ponies assigned to him, and Colonel Ritson, who skippered our team, decided not to play him. We lost by a very narrow margin. In 1914, in conjunction with Lord Wimborne, Major Barrett organised an expeditionary force for the recapture of the Cup, and they sallied forth followed by the misgivings of many, but with the blessings of all. When the wire came over that they had beaten America's "Big Four" 8½ to 3, people could hardly believe their eyes; but it was soon proved that this team had well got the measure of the enemy, for we won the next match 4 goals to 2½, and brought home the Cup. Major Barrett is one of the most brilliant performers of the day, a wonderfully good horseman, and possessing a knowledge of the game second to no one in the world.



NO. 1: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. A. TOMKINSON.

He was our No. 1 in 1914, and his selection to play in the same position in 1921 is eminently justified, for he is exactly the kind of forward that is needed to tackle such a formidable defence line as that which is opposed to us. In 1914 he made America sit up and take a lot of notice, for, with another forward of much his own type, poor Leslie Cheape, behind him, it is not difficult to understand that our attack was formidable. Colonel Tomkinson's regiment is the Royals, and he now commands them. In India the Royals were never quite out of the top drawer where polo was concerned, but they possessed one or two very brilliant individual players. Of these none was ever better than "Mouse" Tomkinson, and though, when he was selected for England in 1914 by Major Barrett, some people doubted whether he was class enough, he quickly justified his skipper's opinion. He has since then improved, if anything, and, despite a severe bullet wound in the arm, plays better than ever. "Mouse" is also a very good cross-country gentleman rider, and has won a number of races.



BACK: LORD WODEHOUSE.

Lord Wodehouse, who plays back for England, is the back of the famous Old Cantab team who won the Championship last year, beating the 17th Lancers. On that form he is certainly entitled to first consideration for England, and has entirely justified the Selection Committee's decision. He is not the most brilliant back in England, as that honour unquestionably belongs to Mr. John Traill, but next to him, and as Major Lockett has elected to play No. 3, Lord Wodehouse undoubtedly has first claim. He has been in practice with this team both last season at Hurlingham and at Tidworth, where our ponies were wintered, and where the preliminary games took place early this year. Lord Wodehouse is a very imperturbable player, very certain and sure, and just the man to defend the "last ditch" against the pertinacious invader. It is very certain that we shall need someone who is not given to getting flustered to stand up to the Americans; and, for the matter in hand, Lord Wodehouse is undoubtedly the right man, in whom England's supporters may have complete confidence.

This year has witnessed a very remarkable public display of interest in polo, and a game that was once caviare to the general is increasing in popularity with astonishing speed, thanks, in part at all events, to the facilities now offered to those who would watch it. That great crowds will witness the International Test Matches against the Americans goes without saying. The present team, which plays the first Test on June 18, at Hurlingham, is the same which won

the Cup at Meadowbrook in 1914, with the exception that Lord Wodehouse has succeeded the late Leslie Cheape. It was in that year of the beginning of the European War that England and America last met in a tussle for the International Polo Cup. The contests began thirty-five years ago, when the Westchester Polo Club, of Newport, presented the present trophy. The "Big Four" whose photographs we give were selected last week; a change is not likely.

THE GREAT GOLF MEETING AT HOYLAKE: THE AMERICAN TEAM VICTORY; AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL.

AND L.N.A. DRAWING BY CHARLES AMBROSE.



VICTORIOUS OVER GREAT BRITAIN BY 4 TO 0 IN THE FOURSOMES AND 5 TO 3 IN SINGLES: THE AMERICAN TEAM.



SUCCESSFUL AGAINST MR. "CHICK" EVANS IN THE SINGLES: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY PLAYING OUT OF A BUNKER.



A FOURSOME: (L. TO R.) MESSRS. TOLLEY, QUIMET (U.S.A.), GUILDFORD (U.S.A.), AND HOLDERNESS.



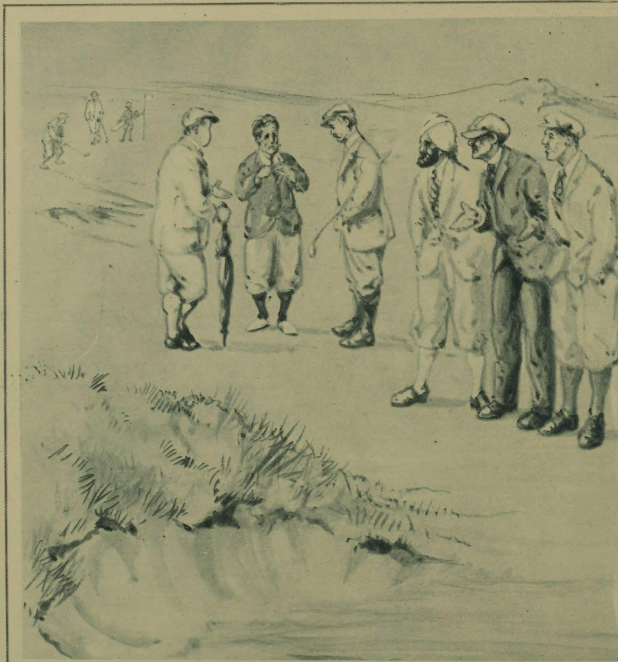
DECISIVELY BEATEN BY THE AMERICANS IN AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT HOYLAKE: THE TEAM THAT REPRESENTED GREAT BRITAIN.



CAPTAIN OF THE AMERICAN TEAM: MR. W. C. FOWNES, THE VETERAN OF HIS SIDE.



A STRONG AMERICAN PAIR: (L. TO R.) MR. QUIMET AND MR. GUILDFORD.



PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY (FOREGROUND) DARWIN, FRANCIS QUIMET, EDWARD BLACKWELL,



AND (L. TO R. BEHIND), MESSRS. J. L. LOW, H. H. HILTON, JOHN BALL, H. S. MALIK, BERNARD ROBERT HARRIS, AND R. H. WETHERED.



ONE OF THE AMERICAN TEAM: MR. FRED WRIGHT, WHO PARTNERED MR. FOWNES.



ONE OF THE BEST AMERICAN PLAYERS, WITH A GREAT DRIVE: MR. JESSE GUILDFORD.

Hoylake has been the scene of some stirring golf of late. On May 21 the American team beat the British very decisively, winning all the foursomes and five out of the eight singles. The names of the American golfers in the top left-hand photograph are, from left to right (back row): Messrs. Francis Quimet, F. J. Wright, Jesse Guildford, and "Chick" Evans; (seated in front) Messrs. J. Wood Platt, W. C. Fownes, Bobby Jones, and Dr. P. Hunter. The British team shown in the top right-hand photograph, are, from left to right (back row): Messrs. T. D. Armour, J. Gordon Simpson, R. H. Wethered, R. H. de Montmorency; (seated in front) Messrs. E. W. Holderness, J. L. C. Jenkins, C. J. H. Tolley, and C. C. Aylmer. In the foursomes, Mr. Evans and Mr. Jones beat Mr. Simpson and Mr. Jenkins by 5 and 3; Mr. Quimet and Mr. Guildford beat Mr. Tolley

and Mr. Holderness by 3 and 2; Mr. Hunter and Mr. Wood beat Mr. Montmorency and Mr. Wethered by 1 hole; Mr. Fownes beat Mr. Aylmer and Mr. Armour by 4 and 2. In the Singles, Mr. Tolley beat Mr. Evans by 4 and 3; Mr. Quimet beat Mr. Jenkins by 6 and 5; Mr. Jones beat Mr. Montmorency by 4 and 3; Mr. Guildford beat Mr. Gordon Simpson by 2 and 1; Mr. Aylmer beat Dr. Hunter by 2 and 1; Mr. Armour beat Mr. Platt by 2 and 1; Mr. Wright beat Mr. Holderness by 2 holes; Mr. Fownes beat Mr. Wethered by 3 and 1. The British Amateur Championship began at Hoylake on May 23. One of the most interesting of the early matches was that (drawn as a bye for the second round) between Mr. Tolley and Mr. Guildford. Mr. J. L. Low (seen on the left, with umbrella, in the above drawing), is Chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee.

A TASK FOR BRITISH TROOPS: THE UPPER SILESIAN IMBROGLIO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLI RUGE, BERLIN.



AN APPEAL FOR LAW AND ORDER: READING A PROCLAMATION IN OPPELN.



THE EXAMINATION OF PASSES IN OPPELN: A MEMBER OF THE DEFENCE CORPS ON DUTY ON A BRIDGE.



RELATING HER EXPERIENCES TO BYSTANDERS IN OPPELN: A REFUGEE PEASANT WOMAN.



IN THE DISTRICT TO WHICH IT WAS DECIDED TO SEND BRITISH TROOPS, AND WHERE SERIOUS FIGHTING BETWEEN POLES AND GERMANS WAS RECENTLY RENEWED: REMOVING A WOUNDED GERMAN ON A MOTOR-CAR AT OPPELN, IN UPPER SILEZIA.



BLOWN UP BY THE POLISH INSURGENTS: A DAMAGED RAILWAY BRIDGE AT OPPELN BEING REPAIRED.



THE EXODUS FROM UPPER SILEZIA INTO GERMANY: REFUGEES OBTAINING PASSES AT AN OFFICIAL BUREAU.

On May 23 it was announced that the Cabinet had decided on the early despatch of a British force (about four battalions) to Upper Silesia, possibly the same troops who were there before, drawn from the Army of Occupation at Cologne. It was reported in a message of May 22 from Oppeln, a centre of the disturbed district, that serious fighting had again broken out between the Germans and the Poles. The Germans had been preparing an offensive for the previous two weeks, and on the 21st they attacked from the bridgehead which

they held at Krappitz, on the Oder, with infantry, cavalry, and artillery, driving the Poles about five miles towards Gross Strehlitz. Several local German landowners had raised troops to defend their property. The Inter-Allied Commission, it was said, was powerless to restore order. The Poles meanwhile strengthened their positions in the industrial area, and sought to get control of the important railway centres of Gleiwitz and Kattowitz. A train was run daily from Oppeln, under the Polish flag, with supplies for the insurgents.

THE SILESIAN PROPOSITION: THE U.S. "OBSERVER" AT THE COUNCIL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.



"THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GREAT DEMOCRACY OF THE WEST": MR. GEORGE HARVEY.

Mr. George Harvey's first public welcome to this country as United States Ambassador was given to him at a dinner of the Pilgrims at the Hotel Victoria on May 19, at which the Duke of Connaught presided, and among those present were the Duke of York and the Prime Minister. The Duke of Connaught, in proposing his health, said that "Mr. Harvey was no stranger to England: this was his thirty-seventh passage across the Atlantic." Mr. Lloyd George, in support, hailed him as "a man who knows Europe . . . a whole-hearted American . . . not merely the new Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, but

the representative of the great democracy of the West in the Councils of the nations of the world." This last phrase referred to an important announcement by Mr. Harvey in the course of his brilliant reply. "This day," he said, "I was authorised and directed by my Government, in the event of a meeting of the Supreme Council being held to consider the Silesian proposition, to represent in that meeting the President of the United States." Mr. Harvey's eloquent speech was of the happiest augury. Subsequent reports from Washington stated that, as regards Silesia, he would act only as an observer.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.



ENGLISH MUSIC ABROAD.

By EDWARD J. DENT.

IT is a conviction firmly ingrained in the minds of most foreigners that the English have no music at all except that which foreigners bring into the country. A musical Englishman who comes in contact with music-lovers abroad finds this conviction extremely hard to dispel. When he is asked what musicians there are in England who have the universal reputation of such men as Strauss, Ravel, or Puccini, he may timidly venture to name Elgar. The foreigner, if he is more than usually polite, may suggest the name of Cyril Scott, who for some curious reason has become almost as representative of England abroad as Lord Byron. Within certain limited circles, among those few who in every country like to cultivate international interests, there is at least some curiosity, if little actual knowledge, in the matter of English music. German musicians, cut off first by the war and then by the rate of exchange from almost all non-German music of the present day, hear with amazement and envy that London has for years been thoroughly familiar with the works of Moussorgsky, Stravinsky, Manuel de Falla, Turina, as well as of innumerable French and Italian composers. They have heard, too, that there has sprung up a new generation of music-writing Englishmen, but they have hardly ever heard their names or seen a note of their music.

It is something new to find that this curiosity exists. It might be gratified, and foreign musicians might even perform in their own country the works of the once-despised English composer. All that need be done is to send copies of the music to the right people abroad. But here there presents itself a difficulty which to the foreigner seems inexplicable. Most of the best modern English music is not printed at all. A work which may

reckoned the best in the world. The house of Broadwood presented pianofortes to Beethoven and Chopin, who accepted them as royal gifts. Would any English pianoforte-maker nowadays think it worth his while to present one of his supremest instruments to the most distinguished composers abroad, whoever they may be?



A WELL-KNOWN VIOLINIST: M. BRONISLAW HUBERMAN.

M. Huberman has given several most successful recitals recently. He will also play at the third (and last) Russian Festival Concert at the Queen's Hall.

The first step towards solving the problem lies not so much with the publishers or the composers as with the performers. I was made to realise this by the observations of a German friend who a great many years ago appeared in London as a singer, and has always preserved the most affectionate memories of those English people who encouraged him as a young and struggling artist. "Of course, Germans get the impression that there are no English musicians," he said, "because English musicians never come to the Continent. Just before the war, Germany, especially Berlin, was perfectly mad about foreign musicians. Our own people complained bitterly that they had no chance because any foreigner, however bad a performer, could always make a success. People came from Holland, from France, Italy, Russia, or the Balkans, but no English people came. One could only draw the conclusion that there were no English musicians to come."

because it is the force of personality that to the great majority of listeners drives home the message of the music performed. A generation ago Wagner and Brahms were the two composers whom the English musical public had taken to its heart. Their popularity was due almost wholly to the influence of Richter and Joachim, who paid us annual visits, and established themselves firmly as essential factors in our English musical life. And they were able to establish themselves not merely because they were great artists, but still more because they were human beings who made themselves personally beloved. With English musicians on the Continent there has been little preservation of balance as regards the question of nationality. A few have paid flying visits just to give a few concerts and secure a few Press notices. Others have settled down abroad and have, for a time at least, become musically denationalised. They have, perhaps, become members of a stock opera company, singing the stock repertory in the language of the particular country that they happened to adopt, and have done nothing in the way of propaganda for the music of their own. One cannot blame them; they had to earn a living, and probably had no time to give recitals of English songs.

However much it may shock some people, I maintain the conviction that at this moment the most favourable foreign soil for the seed of English music is Germany. In the first place, most of the best modern English music is chamber-music. Thanks largely to the generosity of Mr. W. W. Cobbett, our young composers write quartets or other music of the kind, and our chamber players are willing to perform their works. The organisation of concerts, and especially of chamber concerts, is more developed in Germany than in any other country.



A NEW AND BRILLIANT PIANIST: M. POULISCHNOFF.

Of M. Poulischnoff it can truly be said that he came, was heard, and conquered. A few months ago the great majority of concert-goers had not even heard of his name, and now he is classified amongst the truly great ones. His last recital will take place on June 2, at the Queen's Hall.

Another thing that is of the greatest importance is that the propagandists of English music should consider the national tastes of foreign audiences. It is absurd to suppose that a singer who can fill the Albert Hall will necessarily draw an equally large audience at her first concert in Rome or Madrid. Popularity on that scale depends on varying factors in different countries. The artist who goes abroad with a genuine belief in English music will do far better to begin quietly and hope to find a small audience of cultivated people. Gradually, by dint of repeated visits, such an audience can be enlarged, and it is the cultivated few in every country who are in a position to spread interest. People who work quietly and persistently on a small scale have much better chances, too, of finding out in personal conversation what phase of English music makes the most sincere appeal to foreign listeners. The process must of necessity be slow and long. It can only be carried out by genuine artists, by people who will take English music abroad not just in the hopes of financial profit, but because they honestly believe in its beauty and want to share that beauty with everyone who is capable of entering into the spirit of it.



CONDUCTING THE RUSSIAN FESTIVAL CONCERTS: M. KOUSSEVITSKI.

M. Koussevitski is well known to music-lovers in this country as a most brilliant conductor. He is conducting the Russian Festival Concerts, at the Queen's Hall, the first of which took place yesterday (May 27). The other two will be on June 3 and 10.

have been heard several times in elsewhere, and accepted with genuine admiration by the leaders of musical opinion, will be found to exist only in a single manuscript copy. The composer would be only too happy to get it performed in Paris or Berlin, but he cannot afford to have an indefinite number of manuscript copies made, and no publisher will undertake to print it. Or perhaps, as sometimes happens, a publisher may undertake to print the work and then keep the manuscript locked up for two or three years on the pretext that he cannot find engravers to prepare the plates. When a work is printed, the composer has to pay out of his own pocket for such copies as he wishes to give away, and the publishers can barely be induced to send out copies for review, even in England.

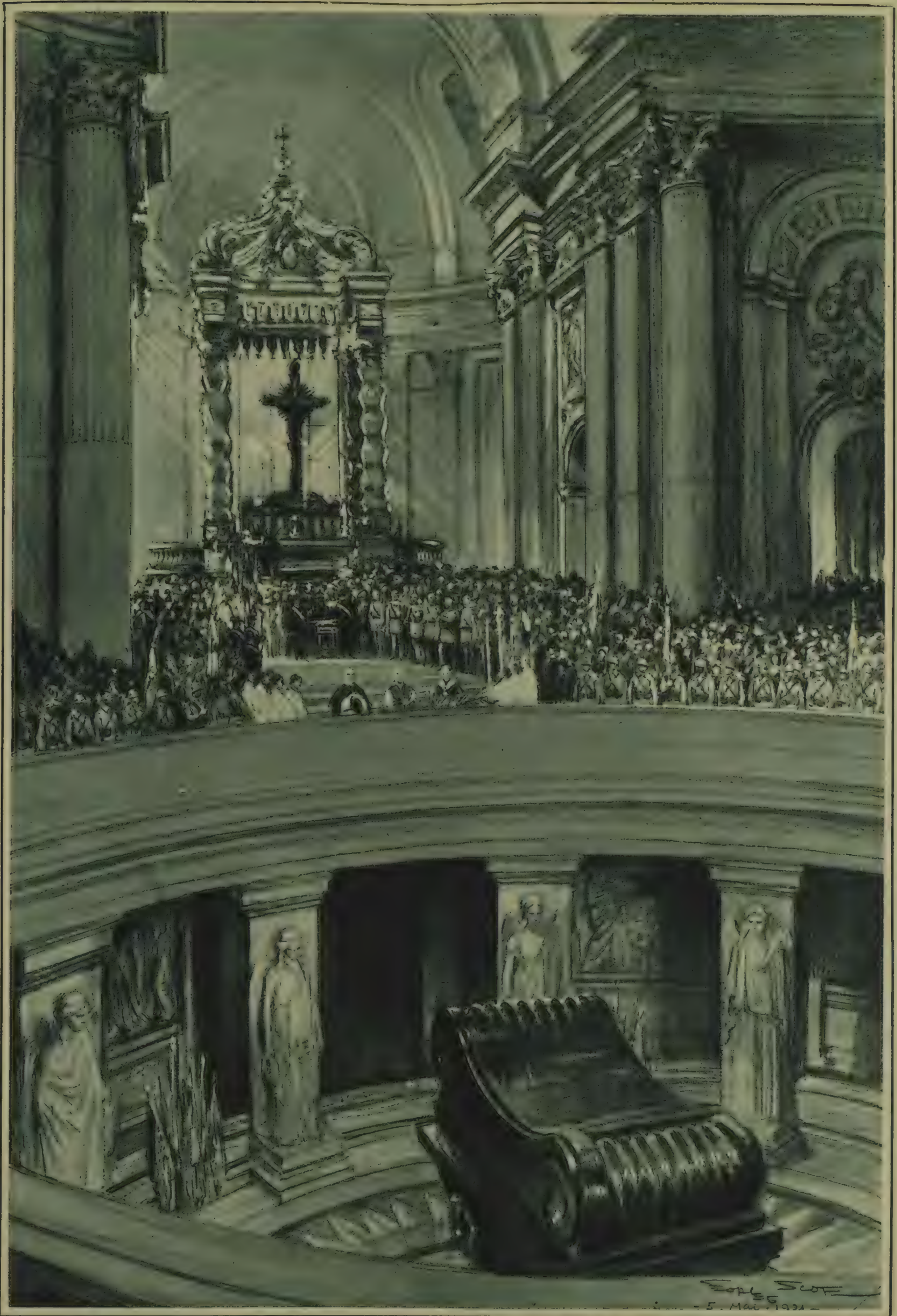
The publishers are not altogether to blame. Even a good review in a foreign paper will not sell many copies, for foreigners are little inclined to pay English prices for English music. There has always been a curious want of Continental enterprise amongst English publishers. Foreign publishers establish branch houses in London, but no English firm thinks it worth its while to open a branch abroad. Yet it is barely a hundred years since English music-printing and English pianofortes were



TO GIVE THREE RECITALS IN JUNE: M. BORIS HAMBOURG.

After a long absence from this country, M. Boris Hambourg, the cellist, brother of Mr. Mark Hambourg, will make his reappearance at the Wigmore Hall on the evening of June 2. He will give two more recitals later on.—[Photograph by Aylett.]

It is absolutely necessary that English performers should go abroad with English music, whether to Germany or to any other country,



THE MOMENT OF THE CENTENARY OF NAPOLEON'S DEATH: CARDINAL DUBOIS PRONOUNCING ABSOLUTION.

An impressive ceremony was held at the Invalides in Paris on May 5, the centenary of Napoleon's death. At 5.49 p.m., the time when he died, the Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Dubois, went to the balustrade and pronounced the Absolution over the tomb below. Before the High Altar, on a table guarded by two *invalides*, may be seen the sword of Austerlitz, which Marshal Foch held while delivering his discourse. There are two keys to the ebony coffin of

Napoleon. One is in the keeping of General Niox, Governor of the Invalides. The duplicate is treasured by the grandson of Edouard le Marchand, who, as Court cabinet-maker to Louis Philippe, made the coffin in 1840. It lies beside the cross of the Legion of Honour won by Marchand at Waterloo. At the instance of Victor Hugo, the word "Napoleon" was lettered on the coffin in gold instead of copper.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GEORGES SCOTT. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND AMERICA.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

LETTERS TO ISABEL" (Cassell and Co.; 21s. net), by Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, is one of the most delightful autobiographies that have ever

been written. The letters were actually written to the author's guardian daughter at the places and on the dates they bear, so that the easy, spontaneous style, ranging from gay to grave without an effort, could be kept up throughout. And the spirit of it all is as fascinating as the letter—for he whom we remember better, perhaps, as Mr. Thomas Shaw, M.P., is free from political rancour and repining, and, though he still thinks that all political truth is contained within the four corners of the Radical creed, has nothing but the kindest thoughts for his old opponents in Parliament. His views have widened, to be sure—to be worthy of the noble vista seen from the loggia at Craigmyle, where many of the letters were penned . . . "Under an arc of crystal air the scene, serene and splendid, stretches out; horizoned by Mounts Batten and Keen, by Lochnagar, by Morven, and away west by far Ben Avon—seventy miles from point to point." There is no finer prospect in all broad Scotland, and the constant sight of it, in various moods to fit the seasonal vicissitudes, would inspire the leanest soul to magnanimity and a sense of the immortal meaning of mortal destinies. In Lord Shaw's case it makes a poet out of a lawyer, a statesman out of a politician—and so we see the essential patriotism at the core of Radicalism (even the philosophic kind!) which, if it is slow to see the necessity of fighting for Britain, yet anxiously aims at making Britain better worth fighting for.

Looking back on the far, high horizons beyond the blue hills of Time ('tis Meredith's phrase, not my own) this kindly letter-writer has many a quaint or pathetic recollection. Nothing could be more alluring to the reader than the memories here rehearsed of a Scotland that some say has vanished for ever—the kind of cynical critics who declare that ultra-modern Scotland is not a country but a trade union, which I, for one, utterly refuse to credit. Lord Shaw gives us many a glimpse of Scottish men of letters of the nearer and further past. We hear how R. L. Stevenson failed at the Bar. Then we meet the author of "Rab and his Friends," and listen to his story of the thrice-married tradesman who, when asked how his wife was after the death of his third, replied: "Dr. Broon, the fact is, I'm just oot o' wives at present"! Better still, we are vouchsafed fresh impressions (from the lips of a witness who worked at his trade of bell-hanging at Abbotsford) of Sir Walter Scott himself. "He used to come in and out among us," said this witness to our author, "hirpling here and hirpling there upon a stick; and his blue bonnet had a bit of heather in it." As "Shirra," he was not very popular, because he was hard on the poachers, and their friends clodded him as he went down the brae, and some of them got twelve months' imprisonment for the horrid offence of "murmuring Judges." But the Laird of Abbotsford would always forgive anybody who disturbed the peace of the great house by singing or fiddle-playing, if he would give him "The Flowers o' the Forest." And, as we read these reminiscences of a plain matter-of-fact man, nearer and dearer yet is seen the figure of the greatest gentleman of letters that ever lived.

Of the political personages introduced, Gladstone is the most imposing: as usual he maintains an Olympian dignity, and addresses an individual as though he (or she, if not a Margot) were a public meeting. Once or twice, however, he unbends; as when he regrets that Zachary Boyd's translation of the entire Scriptures into Scots verse has never been published, and quotes from memory one of its most exhilarating stanzas—

Whin Jonah's whaul began to spew,
Thinks Jonah, what's adae the noo?
Here's nather room for coal nor cawnle,
There's naething but fish-guts to haunle.

Also we learn from the same august source that the largest heads in our island are at Aberdeen, and that a certain hatter, when a customer with

Shaw defines himself in Parliamentary terms as "a front-bench member with a back-bench mind," which is as good a definition as one could get for one who tempers *ego* with *me* in every page of a fascinating self-revelation.

If you wish to know what a chaos has been created in non-Russian lands by the destruction of the Tsarist régime, read "IN DENIKIN'S RUSSIA" (Collins Sons; 10s. 6d. net), by C. E. Bechhofer, who describes life as he saw it in South Russia and the Caucasus in the winter of 1919 and the spring of 1920, and to show it in relation to the principal events which have taken place there since the rise of Lenin and Trotsky. Mr. Bechhofer had exceptional opportunities for discovering the truth, by virtue of his privileges as a British correspondent, his knowledge of the Russian language, his previous experience of the country visited and its peoples, and the quality of his mind which prevents him from arguing from the particular to the general, and being deluded by all the big talk about "ancient cultural traditions," the "rights of small nations," the "voice of the working masses," and all the other shibboleths which, to the man on the spot are so obviously bluff or hypocrisy, or both—i.e., propaganda. The loss of the firm, but kindly, government lightly imposed by the old Russian Empire, with its genius—as tolerant as ours—for colonial enterprise, has created a cultureless wilderness where the daily quest for enough food and fuel to maintain existence leaves neither time nor energy for the arts of living. A strange variety of racial feuds have blazed up anew in the absence of any power strong enough to repress them, and the only universal factors at work are typhus and fear of the Bolsheviks—indeed, one is inclined to believe that these evils are one and the same thing. Mr. Bechhofer's book, which is full of human interest, is in the main a study of demoralisation—the demoralisation, through the collapse of governance, of a great people, and the equally ruinous demoralisation of small peoples, such as the Georgians, owing to ephemeral and meaningless triumphs. But the reader's gloom is dissipated now and again by incidents that seem to belong to *opéra bouffe*—for example, the Georgian invasion of the Batum Province, then occupied



THE SCENE OF A DANTE SEXCENTENARY CELEBRATION IN PARIS: THE CHURCH OF ST. SÉVERIN, WHERE HE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE WORSHIPPED.

As part of the celebrations of the sixcentenary of Dante's death (in 1321), a sacred concert was recently given in Paris at the Church of St. Séverin. The Archbishop of Paris presided, and a panegyric on Dante was pronounced by Monsignor Batiffol. Tradition, based on definite statements by Villani and Boccaccio, relates that Dante visited Paris after his banishment from Florence, studied at the University, and worshipped at the churches of St. Séverin and St. Julien-le-Pauvre. Balzac made the subject of his novel, "Les Proscrits." Some critics doubt whether Dante ever went to Paris, but there is no proof that he did not.

Drawn by Henry Cheffer.

a very large one presented himself, would call out to his assistant: "Jimmy, bring me the *Aberdeen size*." Among the subsequent statesmen Sir William Harcourt (who tells an amusing story of his first success at the Bar) and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (to whom the proverbial saying: "Fair and fause as a Campbell" was never applicable) are the most human and entertaining. Indeed, "C.-B." is the lovable creature we all remember so well out of politics, with his partiality for a word or two of the Doric when talking with intimate friends, and that secret scorn for the English preference for the genteel tongue which caused him to observe on one occasion: "I suppose the Jerusalem Pharisees would have their fashionable joke about the Galilean accent." "C.-B.'s" letters are among the pleasantest things in the book. The late Andrew Carnegie is too self-satisfied to be pleasing; the complete story of his £2,000,000 donation to Scottish education is here told for the first time. Finally, Lord

by British troops, which resulted in the Georgian "army of liberation" being confined to barracks by two young British subalterns and half-a-dozen sepoys! The lack of continuity in the British policy here, as in other debateable lands, has destroyed the prestige we acquired by our victory in the Great War. And dismal indeed are the fruits here and everywhere else of the "self-determination" which Mr. Wilson prescribed as a remedy for all historic evils. Mr. Lansing has pointed out the mischief wrought by this contagious catch-word, and in "THE PASSING OF THE NEW FREEDOM" (G. H. Doran Company; New York) by James M. Beck, one of the staunchest and most statesmanlike of our American friends, the value of the tragical egotism which bred all these will-o'-the-wisp phrases is admirably anatomised. Now we, like the Americans, must go back to the older conception of freedom which makes it self-discipline for the benefit of others as much as self-determination for ourselves.



OUR PRINCE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY CECIL CUTLER.

(Exhibited at Messrs. Fores, 41, Piccadilly, W.1.)



WHERE NO COAL IS NEEDED: A SAILING-SHIP.

"The square-rigged sailing-vessel," notes the artist, "is fast disappearing, and it is probable that the last of these beautiful sea pictures will go in our time. What the age of mechanical propulsion was doing to supersede these craft, the war rapidly assisted; for numbers were sunk by German submarines, until now there are left only somewhere about one hundred British-owned sailing-vessels. None are being built; nor have any been for some years. Their place has been taken to some extent by the fore-and-aft schooner, with auxiliary engine, but this cannot be said to replace the old timer, with her beautiful lines and spread of canvas."

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.I. (COPYRIGHTED)

*The Story of Nature's Bulk Storage : No. 2.***JUST BEFORE ADAM**

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An Age through which the luxuriant foliage was steadily absorbing the sun's energy in the form of light and heat. An Age in which ugly reptiles lived.

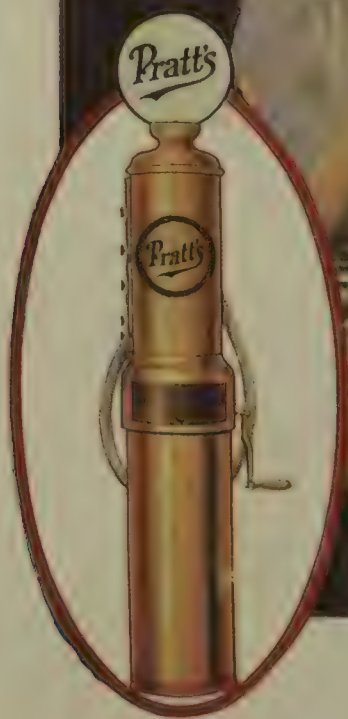
Vast chemical actions have wrought upon the vegetable and animal matter marvellous changes which resulted in the formation of hydro-carbon.

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CHEQUERS—FROM THE AIR: THE PRIME MINISTER'S SEAT.

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THE PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICIAL COUNTRY SEAT AS VIEWED FROM AN AEROPLANE: CHEQUERS, NEAR PRINCES RISBOROUGH, AMID A SMILING BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LANDSCAPE.



WHERE THE PROBLEM OF THE BLACK COUNTRY HAS BEEN DISCUSSED IN A BOWER OF GREENERY: ANOTHER AIR-VIEW OF CHEQUERS, WITH ITS GARDENS AND TENNIS COURT.

Some of the informal "conversations" on the coal dispute, recently held between the Government and representatives of the two sides—owners and miners—took place at Chequers, the Prime Minister's official country seat in the Chiltern Hills. It must be difficult to visualise the Black Country and its needs in such a bower of verdure, whose idyllic surroundings are so well shown in these interesting air-photographs. Chequers, it may be recalled, with its estate of 1500 acres, was presented to the nation, as a rural residence for the Premier of the day, by Lord

and Lady Lee of Fareham. Mr. Lloyd George entered into occupation of it on January 8 last, and gave a "house-warming" week-end party, which was illustrated in our issue of January 15. At one time there was a tendency to speak of Chequers as "the Chequers," a mistake which Lord Lee corrected. "The Chequers," he pointed out, "is a favourite name for public houses, particularly in Buckinghamshire, and it might lead to regrettable misunderstandings—both as regards location and the habits of Prime Ministers."

THE "CRADLE" OF THE SENUSSI ORDER: JAGHBUB.

By ROSITA FORBES.†

IF Kufara be the centre of the political and mercantile organisation of the Senussi, Jaghbub some seventy years ago was the nursery and the training ground of this confraternity. It may well be imagined that when Sidi Ben Ali, at the height of his power, moved inland from the Gebel Akhdar in Cyrenaica to avoid contact with Ottoman curiosity and Ottoman interference, he made his headquarters at Jaghbub not only the religious court of North Africa, but also a nucleus of social and military propaganda. Yet it is difficult to believe that it ever had the importance ascribed to it by Henri Duveyrier, who writes of it thus: "Jaghbub is organised as a small capital, and at the same time as a university. This convent contains well-equipped stables and an arsenal containing, with quantities of guns and stores of powder, fifteen cannons bought in Alexandria. There are, among its outbuildings, workshops specially designed for the upkeep and repair of arms, and, it appears also, for the manufacture of powder. Moreover, the masters of Jaghbub, have they not, 240 kms. to the north, the best port on

of dunes, between 100 and 150 miles wide, which borders the northern edge of the great Libyan Desert. These dunes run in immense chains north and south, with stretches of deep, soft sand and occasional wavy-crested cross ridges in between. For this reason, when Sidi Ben Ali sent his four missionary Ekhwan to convert the inhabitants of Kufara to his ascetic doctrine, they went via Jalo and Taiserbo, along the route by which Rohls went in 1879, and which we attempted to follow last winter. It was not until Sidi el Mahdi had removed his headquarters to Kufara that anyone attempted the direct route between the two holy cities. Then the brother of the Senussi saint, having had water stored along the way in specially prepared cisterns, went south with an immense caravan and succeeded in reaching Hawari safely.

Since then the route has been two or three times traversed by Sayed Ahmed es Sherif, but generally with disastrous results. On one occasion his water went bad, his horses died, and he was obliged to leave all luggage and stores on the way and return speedily to Jaghbub with such camels as could face the journey. A famous Senussi, Ekhwan Sidi er Riffi, made a prophecy that disaster would overtake any stranger who travelled by this route, which was to be reserved entirely for the Sayeds of the order and their immediate followers. Yet the worst tragedy of this desolate country is connected with one of the confraternity, who, having surmounted all the difficulties of the seventeen-day journey from Kufara, twelve of which are without water, died of thirst within seventeen yards of the well he just failed to reach.

At either end of this route the wells are marked with groups of camel skeletons, and it should never be attempted without forty or fifty camels. Having regard to the difficulties of the way and to the prophecy concerning it, it is not unnatural that no stranger, Christian or Moslem, has ever attempted the journey. Yet if water could be stored at the Mehensa dunes this would be the natural route by which the trade of Wadai and Darfur would come north through Kufara to Siwa and the Egyptian markets. When it is considered that a tanned and scarlet dyed hide costs fourteen shillings in Kufara and a pound of ivory about five or six shillings, it will be seen that commercial possibilities are considerable.

Jaghbub, at the moment, however, is entirely aloof from all such temporal problems. It is

mass of two-storeyed, flat-roofed buildings crowned by the broken arcades of Sidi Idriss' house. Though no European had hitherto entered the Zawia, an Italo-British mission had camped a quarter of a mile outside its walls, and one of its members told me that the sound of the midnight chanting, sonorous and triumphant, beat across the rocky valley like the waves of a turbulent sea, to the detriment of the mission's well-earned repose. During the war the light car patrols pushed their

Fords up to the edge of the escarpment overlooking the Zawia, the geographical position of whose dome was fixed by a distinguished member of the Egyptian Survey Department, Dr. Roger Ball, F.R.G.S. Below the great college is a thick belt of palm gardens, cultivated by the descendants of the negro slaves whom the Mahdi freed when he removed his headquarters to Kufara. They were given, in perpetuity, the lands they had worked on, and their children exist to-day as a curious little isolated, self-supporting community, living by the products of their gardens, which they sell to the sheikhs and students of the Zawia.

Perhaps if one arrived at Jaghbub in an aeroplane from Siwa, one might not grasp the peculiar mentality of the place, but after a 500-mile journey across one of the most terrible deserts in the world, one cannot fail to be impressed by this self-sufficient religious community, who pass most of their time in prayer and in study of the Koran, untroubled by the affairs of the outer world. Here are no political cross-currents to ruffle the placidity of Moslem routine, no mercantile interests to provide a link with East or West. "We are poor men who live to pray," say the Ekhwan in their flowing white robes over grass-green and indigo-blue "kuftans," and the instant one enters the wide, sandy courts, with their uneven walls pierced by rows of low doors, behind each of which lives a student, one is caught by a spirit of simplicity and peace. In all Libya, it was the only place where we found a complete absence of intrigue. Jaghbub is not old, as our European cities go, yet it gives one the impression of most venerable age. The solemn sheikhs are grey-bearded and they move ponderously, slowly, swinging the great wooden keys of their houses. The students, grouped round the well before the main door of the mosque, may be young in years, but there is no mark of irresponsible youth in their grave, pale faces and visionary eyes.

After leaving Jedabia, we had somewhat lost sight of the religious side of the Senussi confraternity, yet it was only as an austere and ascetic religious order that it was founded. The merchants of Jalo, the diplomats of Taj, had talked to us of a world only bounded by Constantinople, the Hedjaz and Delhi, but in Jaghbub we found again the basic elements of the confraternity's inception—a resolute detachment from any outside influence, and an utter disregard of all but the original principles of the Koran.

In our next issue we shall publish a further article and photographs by Mrs. Forbes, dealing with the people and customs of Kufara and the surrounding district.

† The full story of the adventures of Mrs. Forbes is to be published in *Cassell's Magazine*.



"THE BROTHER OF THE SENUSSI SAINT HAD WATER STORED ALONG THE WAY": WATER-CISTERNS NEAR JAGHBUB.

the northern coast of Africa—Tobruk?" This writer estimates the population of Jaghbub in 1880 as at least 2750, of which more than two-thirds were negro slaves. At the present moment I doubt if there are more than 200 people in the whole semi-circular "wadi," which is like a vast natural amphitheatre surrounded by uneven sandstone walls, its sandy floor broken by abrupt tabular ridges and scattered groups of palms. The main block of palms lies at the northern end underneath the high Zawia walls, while to the east the "wadi" disappears into the distorted country of sandstone mounds and hillocks, with scattered lakes, marshes, and "hatias" * on the way to Siwa.

It is a matter of some bewilderment why the founder of the Senussi confraternity chose to establish himself in one of the most desolate regions in Libya, when so many more fertile and pleasant oases offered themselves on all sides. In 1854, when the Zawia at Jaghbub was built, there was only one bitter well in the "wadi" (valley), and no palms or other cultivation. It is possible that Sidi Ben Ali was influenced by the religious associations of the district, for the neighbouring oasis of Jupiter Amon (Siwa) was renowned before the days of Christianity. Hercules, Alexander the Great, and Cato are all supposed to have visited the sacred spot, and thousands of years ago the decrees of the priests of Amon in Libya were more formidable than those of the Vatican to-day. When Christianity swept along North Africa in the wake of Roman conquest, a temple of the Virgin rose in the sacred oasis, and at least one writer suggests that the old name was probably Saumaria instead of Sautariah, as it is marked on Stieler's map of the Mediterranean.

Thus the neighbourhood of Jaghbub, having been famous in the ecclesiastical history of many centuries, was well fitted to foster the growth of a great religious order. Moreover, it is situated on the very edge of the formidable barrier

* A "hatia" is a shallow depression containing hummocks covered with brushwood and fodder.



"OUR TRIALS WERE NOW AT AN END": A MEAL AFTER THE MEETING WITH AN EGYPTIAN FRONTIER CAMEL CORPS PATROL BETWEEN JAGHBUB AND SIWA—MRS. FORBES ON THE LEFT.

not really a town. There are but two or three large white houses built of mud bricks outside the walls of the Zawia. This great college is quite an imposing structure viewed from a short distance away. The white dome of the tomb of Sidi Ben Ali in the really beautiful mosque rises above a

ROSITA FORBES AT UNKNOWN KUFARA: THE CITIES OF THE SENUSSI.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES



THE "LONDON" OF THE SENUSSI: JOF, THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, A LARGE MARKET TOWN IN THE KUFARA OASES, CONTAINING A ZAWIA (CONVENT) INSTITUTED BY THE FOUNDER, SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ALI.



THE "WINDSOR" OF THE SENUSSI: THE SACRED CITY OF TAJ, ON A CLIFF ABOVE THE KUFARA VALLEY, WHERE MRS. FORBES LIVED NINE DAYS AS A VEILED ARAB WOMAN IN THE HOUSE OF THE SENUSSI CHIEF.

The culmination of Mrs. Rosita Forbes's journey into the Sahara was her arrival at Taj, the sacred city of the Senussi, in the oases of Kufara. The party entered on foot, for no one is allowed to ride in it. Here she was hospitably welcomed and lavishly entertained by the Kaimakaan, and was lodged in the house of the chief of the Senussi, Sidi Idriss, whom she had met at Benghazi (her starting-point), and by whom she had been provided with passports and credentials. At Taj she lived for nine days the life of a veiled Arab woman, and visited the holy *kubba*

(the tomb) of Sidi el Mahdi, a former head of the order, the most sacred spot of the Senussi. It was he who moved the headquarters from Jaghub to Taj in 1894. Not far from Taj is the large market town of Jof, which has been called the "London" of the Senussi, while Taj is their "Windsor." Mrs. Forbes, we may mention, will lecture on "Kufara: the Secret of the Sahara," at the Æolian Hall on June 2. On May 18 she gave a lecture on the Senussi before the Central Asian Society.

THE SECRET OF THE SAHARA REVEALED BY A WOMAN: KUFARA AND ITS SALT LAKES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY

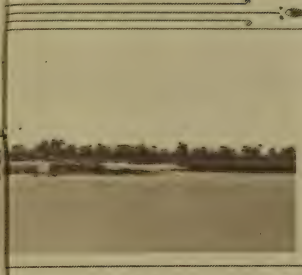
MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



ONE OF THE "INTENSELY BLUE SALT LAKES" IN THE KUFARA VALLEY: A SURPRISE TO THE TRAVELLER IN THE DESERT.



FRINGED WITH PALMS: A LAKE AT JOF, KUFARA OASIS, VISITED



THE SENUSSI SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, IN THE



IN "A STRANGE LITTLE CITY OF WINDOWLESS HOUSES BUILT LIKE FORTRESSES": THE ZAWIA (CONVENT) AND HOUSE OF SAYED AHMED SHERIF, AT TAJ.



"THE CLEFT IN WHICH THE VALLEY LIES HIDDEN APPEARS SUDDENLY IN THE MONOTONOUS EXPANSE OF THE DESERT": THE CENTRE OF THE KUFARA VALLEY, WHICH IS FORTY MILES LONG BY TWENTY BROAD.



"IN SURPRISE ONE LOOKS DOWN INTO AN EXQUISITE VALLEY OF VERDURE AND AMBER SAND, SURROUNDED BY PURPLE AND RED SANDSTONE CLIFFS": ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MIDDLE OF THE KUFARA VALLEY.



WHERE MRS. FORBES AND HER PARTY WERE IN PERIL OF MASSACRE THROUGH THE TREACHERY OF A GUIDE: THE VILLAGE OF HAWARI.



WHERE THE ONLY EUROPEAN EXPLORER TO VISIT DESTROYED: THE LAKE AT BOEMA, WITH A



KUFARA BEFORE MRS. FORBES HAD HIS CAMP RUINED TEBU FORT IN THE FOREGROUND.



SHOWING MRS. FORBES ON THE EXTREME RIGHT: THE ZAWIA (CONVENT) AT TAJ, THE SACRED CITY OF THE SENUSSI WHICH SHE WAS THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO VISIT.

It was reserved for an Englishwoman to unveil the secrets of Kufara, the mysterious home of the Senussi. Mrs. Rosita Forbes is the first white woman to have reached it, and only two Europeans had been there before her. One was the German explorer Rohlf, who went thither in 1879, but saw much less of the place than she did. His camp, with all his instruments, was destroyed by hostile natives, and he was kept captive for many weeks, finally escaping to Benghazi. The other was a French prisoner sent to Kufara by Sayed Ahmed. Mrs. Forbes has vividly described her first view of Kufara. "The cleft in which the valley lies hidden appears suddenly in the surface of the monotonous expanse of the desert. . . . In surprise, one looks down into an exquisite valley of verdure and amber sand surrounded by purple and red sandstone cliffs. Before one lie spread three intensely blue salt lakes, a grey salt marsh, fields of barley, wheat and millet and garden vegetables." Kufara, she explains, consists of six

separate oases, with one or two ruined villages and castles of the aboriginal Tebus. Taj she describes as "a strange little city of windowless houses built like fortresses." It stands on a cliff brow, and contains only houses of important men, a *zawia* (convent), and holy *kubba* and mosque. All supplies are brought up by slaves from the valley. Jof, on lower ground, is the principal market town. Hawari is the northernmost village of the Kufara oasis. It was here that, on their arrival, Mrs. Forbes and her party were threatened with massacre owing to false reports, spread by a treacherous guide, that they had planned to seize the country by means of magical instruments (really a compass, barometer, and aneroid barometer). An envoy was sent on to Taj to explain the situation to the Kaimakan, and brought back a permit to proceed. Later, it was from Hawari that they started on the homeward journey by a new route to Egypt.

AFTER 1000 MILES OF DESERT: AT THE CRADLE OF THE SENUSSI.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. ROSITA FORBES.



SHOWING THE WHITE DOME OF THE TOMB OF SIDI BEN ALI, FOUNDER OF THE SENUSSI ORDER: JAGHBUB.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE SENUSSI TILL THE MIGRATION TO KUFARA IN 1894: JAGHBUB—ANOTHER VIEW OF ITS BUILDINGS.



NEVER BEFORE ENTERED BY A EUROPEAN: THE ZAWIA (COLLEGE) AT JAGHBUB, WITHIN WHICH MRS. FORBES LIVED—SHOWING A WELL INSIDE A WALLED COURTYARD, WITH A GROUP OF YOUNG STUDENTS.



"WIDE SANDY COURTS, WITH THEIR UNEVEN WALLS PIERCED BY ROWS OF LOW DOORS": STUDENTS' QUARTERS IN THE ZAWIA AT JAGHBUB.



WHERE MRS. FORBES WAS INSTALLED DURING HER VISIT TO JAGHBUB: A TWO-STOREYED HOUSE, BELONGING TO THE EKHWAN, INSIDE THE ZAWIA.

At Jaghbub, Mrs. Forbes was nearing the end of her great journey. She had travelled 550 miles from Benghazi to Kufara, and thence another 500 miles "across one of the most terrible deserts in the world," to the place which was the original home of the Senussi order. It was at Jaghbub that the founder, Sidi ben Ali, first established himself. There stands the beautiful mosque, with the white dome of his tomb, rising above a mass of two-storeyed, flat-roofed buildings. The great college known as the Zawia was built in 1854. Forty years

later Sidi el Mahdi removed the Senussi headquarters to Kufara. Jaghbub is not really a town, as there are only a few houses outside the college. Mrs. Forbes was the first European who had ever entered the Zawia. She lived there in a house belonging to the *Ekhwan*, and in her capacity as a Moslem was shown all over the buildings. An interesting account of Jaghbub is given in her article on another page in this number. The full story of Mrs. Forbes's adventures in the Libyan desert is to appear in "Cassell's Magazine."

THE CAUSE OF OUR RECENT "ECCENTRIC" WEATHER?—SUNSPOTS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



A SOLAR CONVULSION WHICH CAUSED A MAGNETIC STORM ON THE EARTH AND DISORGANISED TELEGRAPHS:
THE RECENT SUNSPOTS—HOLES IN THE SUN'S SURFACE, EMITTING ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES.

"A terrestrial magnetic or electric storm," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "usually denotes the presence of a spot on the sun. That both magnetic storms and sunspots have one common source of origin, and are the effects of some great solar cyclone originating beneath the visible solar surface, is now well established. This mighty force, which creates sunspots, changes or increases the amount of earth magnetism. A typical example of the kind has been recorded during the present month. On the 7th inst. the sun's axial rotation carried round into view a large group of spots, which are depicted above. When they approached the centre of the disc on the 13th, the needles of the magnetic instruments exhibited unusual oscillation. On the evening of the following day earth magnetism again

became violently disturbed, and continued thus until midnight, being accompanied by a brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights. . . . In many localities the telegraphs were completely interrupted. The magnetic influence existing between many of the largest spots and the earth is explained in the following way. A magnetic storm is due to electric currents passing through the upper strata of our air, accompanied by induced currents within the earth. Emanating from disturbed areas indicated by sunspots, this energy, in the form of confined streams of electric corpuscles, enters the outer layers of our atmosphere, and renders it electrically charged and ionised. This ionisation creates abnormal electricity in the atmosphere."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

FIRST editions of modern or comparatively modern authors came up for sale on the 18th, 19th, and 20th, at Sotheby's, from the library

of the late Mr. Edward Bond. Browning's "Strafford" (1837) sold for 30s., and "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" (1871), "Balaustion's Adventure" (1871), "Parleyings with Certain People" (1887)—six volumes which only realised 13s.—made one wonder what has become of the Browning Society, and how on the heels of a former conundrum, "Do you like Dickens or do you like Thackeray?" came the two camps of admirers—those who stood for Browning and those who stood for Tennyson. What a long while ago it seems, and here are Browning's first editions! There was offered the two-volume first edition of Wordsworth's Poems (1807), and his "Peter Bell" (1819). W. B. Yeats was represented by many firsts, including "The Wanderings of Oisín" (1886), "The Secret Rose" (1897), and "The Shadowy Waters" (1900). Robert Louis Stevenson had "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1886), and several others; and Rudyard Kipling was represented by "Kim" (1901) and his "Jungle Books." Joseph Conrad is a modern author who sees his first editions collected and wrangled over, and even spurious first editions put forth. One item here of his, "Youth" (1902), brought 46 5s.

At Willis's Rooms on the 19th Messrs. Robinson, Fisher, and Harding sold a collection of pictures and drawings, signed proof engravings, and prints. Among some of the most notable a W. Kalf canvas, "A Basket of Fish," brought £57, and a J. D. de Heen—"Lobsters, Fruit, and Vegetables," sold for £115.

An interesting little collection of books gathered a century ago was sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 20th. There was a second folio of Shakespeare (1632), and another item was the New Testament, Wycliffe's English translation, revised by John Purvey, manuscript on vellum (7 5-16 by 5 1/2 inches), with twenty-eight illuminated initials, English early fifteenth century; it brought £380. Two desirable items were the "Contes et Nouvelles en Vers," by La Fontaine, with plates after Eisen, the "Fermiers-Généraux" edition, 1762, sold for £92, and Molière's works, with plates by Moreau (1773), sold for £50. Concerning costume, volumes dealing with bygone fashions made an appeal. Moth and rust have corrupted clothes-closets. A collection of costumes is a somewhat tatterdemalion array suggesting regimental colours tarnished and faded. The brilliant colours they wore in the heyday of their glory have melted into greys and browns. In books of old costume, delicately coloured, we have the gaiety that is not dead. It still sparkles and illuminates the pages of past history. "La Belle Assemblée," from the

commencement in 1806 to 1837, an interesting period, brought £30. It embraces the George IV. era, when dandyism was at its height. There is, too, Heideloff's "Gallery of Fashion," 1794 to 1803, with 219 coloured plates of ladies' costume. If one wanted real literature, perhaps one would have snatched Gay's "Fables," with seventy plates by William Blake, or Andrew Marvell's works in three volumes, published in 1776.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the same day

were selling Chinese porcelain, decorative furniture, and Persian rugs, the property of a lady of title and others. A Canton enamel vase showed the cloven hoof—a Chinese landscape with European figures. How the glory of the East has departed! Some Chinese glass of the Ch'ien-lung period was superlatively beautiful in its technique and artistic achievement. There were seated figures of ladies, wistful and elusive, as only the Chinese can depict the poeise of aloof, nebulous modesty. Cups and bowls and dishes, opaque white, ruby, dark-blue, amber, and purple, charmed with their colours, which Murano has not excelled. Canton enamels, Soochow lacquer, soapstone carvings, and necklaces of coral and green jade with aquamarine and jade pendants, the equipment of some mandarin, made up an interesting series of items. In the porcelain, a pair of

and others. From the Mayor collection came some drawings—Fra Bartolommeo, "The Madonna and Child Enthroned" and the "Madonna Seated with the Infant Saviour"; Jan Brueghel, "The Watering Place," with horsemen and market carts. Four allegorical figures, one representing Pluto, by Giulio Romano, were formerly in the collection of Earl Spencer. Of portraits, that of Warren Hastings seated in an arm-chair, by J. Wright, might have won more enthusiasm. We are glad of any shadows of our great men. Hence Richardson's portrait of Alexander Pope, seated holding a quill pen, surely dipped in venom, was a rarity. Pope, great as he was, was not an ideal subject for a portrait-painter.

He required a man every day to help him to put on his breeches and to lace his puny body in corsets. But he wrote stinging letters setting his generation by the ears, and he was a clever versifier with eighteenth-century platitudes in Chesterfieldian manner which sound sonorous. The same painter's portrait of Matthew Prior, the poet, in brown dress with white cravat, seated in a chair, is equally of value. "Any representation made by a faithful human creature of that face and figure which he saw with his own eyes," says Carlyle, "and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me and much better than none at all." We catch a passing glimpse of the sprightly Prior, and remember his mock epitaph on himself—

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,

Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,

The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Bonthon or Nassau claim
higher?

Sotheby's sale on the 23rd and 24th of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities was notable. Egyptian amulets held a place, bronzes competed with beads for favour. An Etruscan lamp-stand of the first half of the fifth century before Christ came into competition with three strips of gold from an early Greek grave of three centuries later, whether used as a diadem or as a support for the jaws of a corpse is conjectural. Furtwängler, the German specialist, has written learnedly on the matter. From Abbotsford, the property of the late Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, comes a Celtic bronze ornament found in a morass in Galloway, and presented to Sir Walter Scott. It may be a horse-ornament or part of a man's head-dress. Scott in his "Antiquary" shows how far folks may go awry in conjecture.

Engravings, wood-cuts, and drawings held their own on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th at Sotheby's. Some very nice items came up which in less restless times might have made a good deal more. A portrait of Christian VII. of Denmark, by E. Fisher, after Dance, a mezzotint of that mannikin monarch who married the sister of George III., and was supplanted by Struensee, a German doctor, a disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who had a secret passage to the young

Queen's apartments, and was beheaded by an infuriated Danish people, offered possibilities in a slow market as a rare portrait. "Catherine, Lady Bampfylde," by T. Watson, after Reynolds, is always a sought-after print, and this was in the second state. There were many opportunities for collectors who dared to risk their capital. Dürers and Ostades, Rembrandt impressions that have made connoisseurs of an earlier generation cut each other at the club for pique of ownership, passed into outer darkness.



A NEW FIELD FOR THE COLLECTOR: ARMOUR-BUCKLES AND PENDANTS, FROM ANCIENT ROME TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

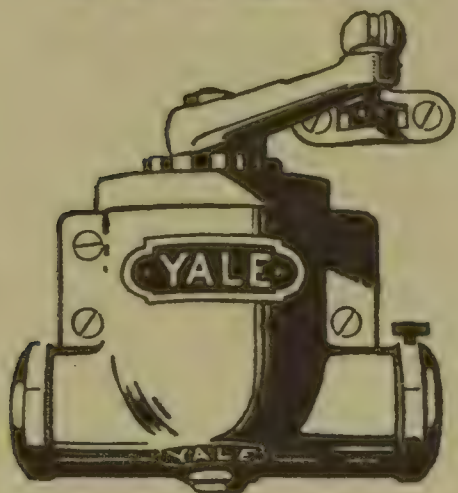
"Buckles," says the "Bulletin" of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, "are not merely art objects in little . . . but their design and details change with each decade. . . . No work on armour as yet refers to them critically. Yet they are not difficult to collect. . . . Other furnishings of armour—rivets, for example—will repay inquiry. So also hinges, washers (rosaces) and tags (mordants and pendants)." The buckles and pendants illustrated above are: (A) Roman, first century A.D.; (B) Visigothic (?), fifth century A.D.; (C) French, twelfth century; (D) French, thirteenth century; (E) Frog-mouth buckle, thirteenth century; (F) Thirteenth century; (G) Heraldic square, fourteenth century; (H) Fourteenth century, narrow shank; (I) Fifteenth century, fleur-de-lys shank; (J) Fifteenth century gilded; (K) Fifteenth century; (L) French, fifteenth century, ivory; (M) French, fifteenth or sixteenth century; (N) Tag of M. O. and P, German, sixteenth century; (Q) Tag of P (mordant); (R and S) sixteenth century (1540, 1550); (T) Mordant, 1550; (U and V) Rosaces of 1530; (W) German, ornate buckle, 1580; (X) Tag, bronze, large, ornate, c. 1575.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

famille-verte ginger-jars enamelled in fine colours sold for 200 guineas; and a vase with beaker neck enamelled with children performing before the Emperor and Empress was also in famille-verte—both K'ang-hsi—realised 50 guineas.

The Friday sale of pictures by Messrs. Christie on the 20th had some interesting items among a series of old pictures, the property of Sir Richard Brooke, Bt., and drawings by Old Masters, the property of the late Mr. James Stuart Hodgson

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LADIES' NEWS.

THESE are days of moving about. Our own people spend few or no week-ends in towns; visitors from abroad are pouring into our island intent on exploring its beauties and on making pilgrimages to the great fields where the modern Crusaders captured the Shrine of Freedom. Travelling is so different now from what it was even ten years ago that different equipment for it is essential. Such a great British firm as that of Mappin and Webb are the first to recognise this, and, as they have led the world in the past in the matter of fitted cases and bags for travellers, so they lead with a wonderful variety of this necessary equipment now. Lead not only in variety, but also in the finest quality in material and workmanship—all essentially British—the greatest compactness, the fulfilment of every requirement, and absolute comfort and convenience to the owner. From £17 10s. a woman can buy a fitted morocco leather case; the fittings are silver mounted and Louis XVI. in design. There is a strong double-action lock, and the case is lined throughout with richest silk. There are ten toilet fittings of African ivory, glass, and silver. From that the purchaser can suit herself, through a complete range of beautiful cases and bags up to any sum—those with tortoise-shell fittings inlaid with real gold are in special favour; they look so splendid and need so little cleaning. If a woman cherishes her own brushes, combs, and hand-glass, Mappin's will make a very handsome bag to take them, and supply further fittings to match, so that an imposing possession need not mean a correspondingly imposing cost. In these days it need not be pointed out that we want compact little fitted hand-bags for motor trips. These are simply irresistible at Mappin's; they will take such jewel trinkets as one wants, serve as vanity-cases and also at the toilet, eliminating the necessity for carrying bulky, heavier baggage. Men's cases and bags are as carefully considered as those for us. A fitted suit-case which by special construction is kept light enough to be easily carried proves a great favourite. Visitors to town are eagerly seeking directions to Mappin and Webb's, either at 158, Oxford Street, 172, Regent Street, or 2, Queen Victoria Street, to fit themselves out with the proper implements to enjoy their play in our gardens, as well as their longer journeys.

When a tiny tyrant demands of you, all of a sudden, a story, what is the best way out? There isn't a best, there is only one—tell the story. Excellent stories, either to tell or to read, are in the "Ivory Castle" book. They are short and enthralling, and they have a moral, which is: hold your

ivory castles, kiddies, against the wicked elves which would destroy them. You need to keep your powder dry and use it often against the enemy. It is Gibbs'



A DINNER DRESS.

The extended hip-line is the most marked feature of this black velvet dress, which, furthermore, has black Chantilly lace on the skirt, and tiny sleeves of it too.

Photograph by Shepstone.

Powder condensed into a pink cake of dentifrice. When the lilliputs have learned all about the ivory castles—and the tales of them prove delightful—they

will be specially keen to keep them from their foes. In exchange for two hygiene certificates, one of which is enclosed with every package of their famous toilet preparations, and of 8d. in stamps, Messrs. D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., Department 12, Cold Cream Soap Works, E.1, will send the "Ivory Castle Fairy Book," and a package of their toilet preparations. It should be stated whether a lady's or gentleman's package is required, or both will be sent for 1s.

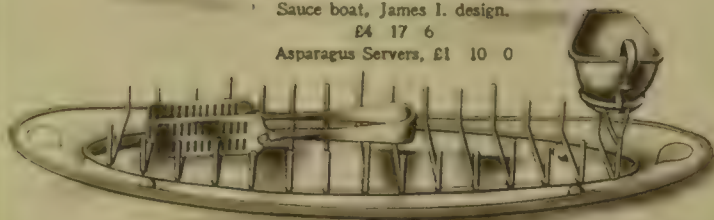
Men are very particular about their clothes, quite as particular as we are about ours, but on different lines. They very rightly refuse woman's interference in their choice, because it should always be dictated by the "manniness," if I may coin a word, in their own nature, which we feel and like but cannot comprehend. A visit with a man friend to one of his exclusively male outfitting establishments, possibly not an altogether typical one, since it is remarkably fine at every point, I mean Gieves', 21, Old Bond Street, takes one at once into the "manny" atmosphere created by the handsome, harmonious, practical and imposing surroundings which man's mind demands. He does not, as we do, turn a quarter of a department inside out. He is attended by experts who know what he wants. All the staff—and it is a big one—are picked men. There are departments for tailoring, hosiery, shirts and collars, pyjamas, hose and half-hose, dressing-gowns, fancy hosiery, hats and caps, leather goods, sports wear, jewellery and watches, books and stationery, marine pictures—Gieves', as everyone knows, is a sailors' shop—and even a photographic section. When a man dives into Gieves' he does business there, depend upon it, in the surroundings and in the way he loves. If he cannot dive in, he shows to his friends an excellent brochure setting forth the dignified character of his pet shop—it seems almost desecration to call it such, it looks like a series of very handsome consulting-rooms.

From our American friends we have learnt many things, among others to conjugate a verb, "to hustle." It is quite a valuable lesson when we hustle with such an efficient and versatile assistant as the new "Hustler" soap. Although it conjugates an American verb, it is a British product from the firm of our old tried and trusted John Knight, whose "Royal Primrose Soap" is a household stand-by. "Hustler" does the work of six soaps. It is excellent for the bath, the toilet, removing stains of earth or foliage from the hands, taking out grease stains, washing the most delicate fabrics, and cleaning paint, tiles, linoleum, glass and crockery. It wants little water, and hustles away dirt without help like white magic.

A. E. L.



Prince's Plate Asparagus Dish with
Sauce boat, James I. design.
£4 17 6
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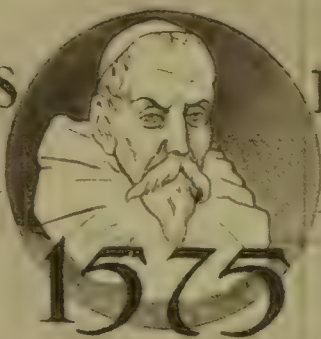
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"I determined to be strong and well, and did everything to make myself so."

That resolution was the beginning of Roosevelt's success in life. Originally a nervous weakling, he "made his health what it was"—deliberately set himself to "increase his vitality"—to get more horse-power out of his engine.

Why not do the same for yourself? It is largely a question of saying firmly, "I must . . . I can . . . *I will.*"

And to increase your health and vitality is easier for you than it was for Roosevelt. For Science has provided you, in Sanatogen, with a health-promoting food which does unquestionably increase your vital force.

Consider, for example, that famous report to the International Medical Congress, in which a leading physician—of King's College Hospital, London—proved beyond doubt that, after six weeks' use of Sanatogen, the nerves absorbed and retained 63 per cent. more phosphorus than they previously did.

Phosphorus, you know, is the great source of nervous vitality—the "horse power" of the human machine. But it must be absorbed—otherwise it is useless—and Sanatogen is the only product which ensures perfect absorption of phosphorus.

Roosevelt, eagerly doing everything he could to increase his vitality, would certainly not have neglected this means had it then been available. And you, if you are in earnest, will straightway begin a six weeks' course of Sanatogen as the first step to making your health what it should be.

Buy a tin at your chemist's—now, at once, while the mood for action is upon you. At 2/3 to 10/9 per tin, it costs you under 2½d. per dose—less if you buy the largest tin. But be sure you get the genuine product, guaranteed by our red-and-gold seal. Imitations are certain to disappoint you; genuine Sanatogen is certain to please you.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE MIGHTY MITE.

THE annual Conversazione of the Royal Society is an event to which I always look forward with keen enjoyment. For on these occasions the savants of science meet together to display the latest results of their several fields of research. Not every year, of course, can one expect "thrills," in the form of some epoch-making discovery, but one may be sure of gaining enlightenment on many themes, more especially in such as concerns one's own work. This year, perhaps, the exhibit which interested me most was that of my friend Dr. Rennie, who showed a number of microscopic preparations illustrating the results of his investigations into the cause of the disease which has wrought such havoc among hive-bees in this country since about 1902. Known as the Isle of Wight bee-disease, it was supposed to be due either to a very virulent Protozoan parasite, *Nosema apis*—a lowly and extremely minute animal—or to some unknown bacterium.

Dr. Rennie has now conclusively shown that this formidable scourge is due to the invasion of the respiratory system by a minute species of mite, *Tarsonemus woodi*, which invades the air-tubes of the fore-part of the body supplying the head and thorax. Here all stages in the life-history of this Acarine were found—eggs, larvæ, and adults. Not only do they cut off the supply of the life-giving oxygen, but they perforate the walls of the tubes, in order that they may bathe upon the body fluids of their hosts—or rather, victims. But, quite apart from this sapping of the victim's vitality through the drain upon its tissues, the mere blocking of the air-ways is sufficient to cause death. This much was proved by experiment. The first spiracle—the external aperture of the air-tubes—of one or both sides of a healthy bee was closed by melted paraffin-wax. At once the power of flight was lost, and presently, within a week, the wings became dislocated and death followed. Where both spiracles were closed, the bees developed a reeling gait within forty-eight hours, and died on

or before the third day, with all the symptoms of the Isle of Wight bee-disease.

How the invader gains entrance to the spiracles, and why only the first pair are selected, yet remains to be discovered. And we are as yet quite in the dark as to preventive methods, or a remedy. Until these problems are solved, bee-keeping in this country will be but an unprofitable venture. Curiously enough, the disease seems to be confined to the bees of Great Britain. Experiment may show that it will be possible to evacuate the mite by some form of

become veritable scourges of the human race. Take, for example, the case of the Japanese "Harvest Bug" (*Microtrom bidium akamushi*), which is the carrier of the Kedani, or river fever, peculiar to certain areas along the banks of the rivers of the main island of Hondo. This is very fatal, the mortality averaging about twenty-seven per cent. of the persons affected. Our own "harvest bug" is nearly related to this species, and, as many of us know to our cost, its bite gives rise to great irritation, lasting for many days. It is worth remembering that a little ammonia applied to the wound affords speedy relief. Oil of citronelle

applied to the hands and legs, in infested areas, affords a valuable means of protection. Flowers of sulphur rubbed over the legs and ankles, or into the underclothes and stockings, from the knees downwards, is also recommended.

Many different kinds of "itch" and mange are due to the bites of these tiny scarlet pests, and the pain they cause is far more severe than that inflicted by either sand-flies, mosquitoes, or ants. The great, repulsive-looking ticks which may often be found attached to domesticated animals are nearly related to the mites, and the bite of some species is much dreaded. There is an Australian species of *Ixodes* which frequently causes paralysis among dogs and children. Many cases, indeed, are on record where the bite has proved fatal. Cases of "tick paralysis" from the bite of a nearly related species have also been recorded from America. The Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever Tick (*Dermacentor venustus*) is not only well known, but much dreaded. The virulence of the disease varies in different localities, from seven per cent. in Idaho to seventy per cent. in Montana. Verily the small things of this world confound the great.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

Those visiting the Continent may be glad to note that, from June 1, passengers to Germany by the Folkestone-Flushing route will be able to travel in through carriages from Flushing to Cologne and Berlin. There will be a restaurant-car from Flushing to Osnabruck in which breakfast and lunch may be taken in comfort.



"REAL" TENNIS AT PAU: THE VICOMTE DE VAUFRELAND PRESENTS THE CUP TO CAPTAIN R. K. PRICE. The Vicomte de Vaufréland, who served during the war at the Headquarters of the British Fourth Army, is seen presenting the Pau Tennis Cup to Captain R. K. Price, holder of the Gold Racquet and the Paris and Bordeaux Cups, who beat Mr. E. A. Noel, the Hon. Sec. of Queen's Club, in the final. Peter Latham is shown leaning against the post on the right. Other players in the group are: M. Laurent d'Andurain, a most promising local player; Captain W. W. McClean; M. Gounouilh, winner of the Silver Racquet, 1920; M. A. Loubet; and Baron R. de Cabrol.

fumigation which will not destroy the bee, after the method of clearing the chicks of pheasants and poultry of gape-worms. Less seems to be known of Tarsonemid mites than of any other family of this order, but till now they had been regarded as embracing only vegetable feeders. The common cheese-mite will afford a good idea of the general appearance of this tiresome parasite. But the cheese-mite is a beneficent creature, as all lovers of Stilton cheese will admit. Most other specimens of mites are harmless. But there are several other species which have



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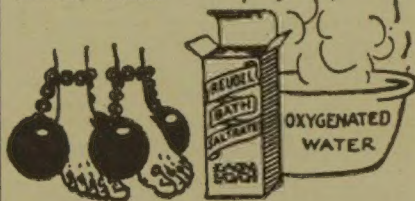
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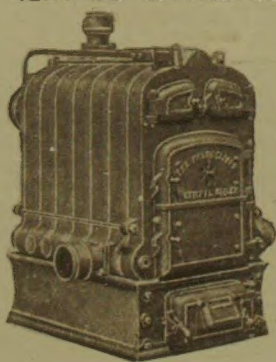


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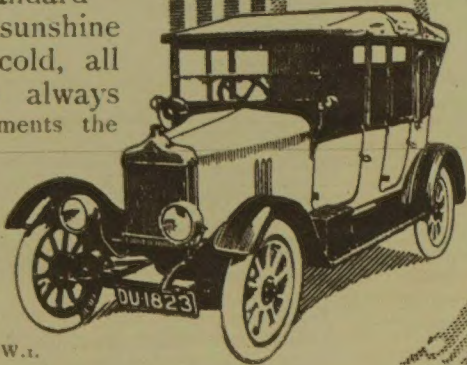
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Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, March 19, 1921.

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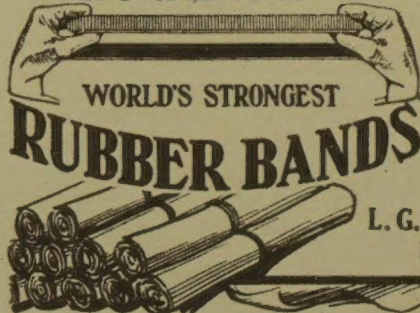
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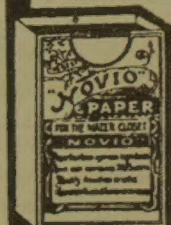
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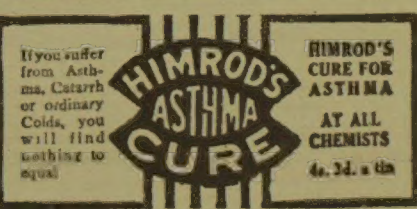
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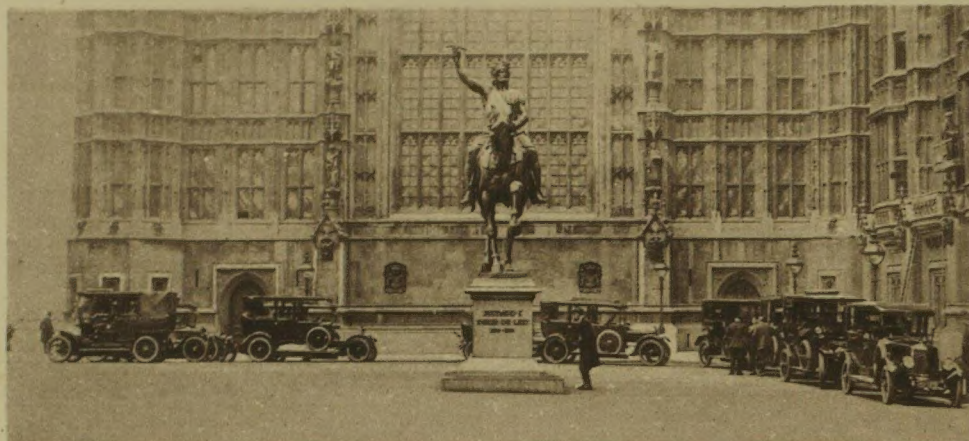
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Tar on Roads. In view of a recent High Court decision as to the liability of a road authority which was held accountable for damage to certain watercress-beds through tar draining off the highway, it would be more than a little interesting to know whether highway authorities are equally liable for damage done to cars by wet tar. To begin with, there is no need to use tar at all. The more up-to-date road surveyor uses bitumen, which lasts much longer and does no damage to anything or anybody. Then there is surely no possible need to tar the whole width of the road-surface at one time, as too many authorities do. If tar must be used—though, as I have said, there is really no necessity for this—it is just as easy to dress one side of the road at a time, leaving the other half for traffic, thus leading to the minimum of damage to vehicles compelled to use the roads. A very bad example of how not to do it has recently been seen in Roehampton Lane, which is a busy exit road for traffic leaving the west of London for the South Coast. Twice within the past two months this road has been tarred for the whole of its width and top-dressed with coarse gravel. Not the least curious thing about it is that it was done just before Easter, and then again immediately before the Whitsun holiday—two periods when traffic would be at its heaviest and the maximum amount of damage would be caused. I should not like to estimate the amount of the damage, but it must have run into many thousands of pounds if the total depreciation of body-work caused by the wet tar could be known. The Worthing Road has recently been in the hands of the tarring contractors for large portions of its length. In some places, notably near Horsham, the dressing has been sensibly done, and half the width of the road left dry. In others, the whole width has been dressed, with consequent wholesale damage to the paint-work of passing cars. In Horsham itself, when I passed over the road a week ago, the whole of the highway had been tarred and a top-dressing of coarse granite chips laid down. Passing over it was like being under a tin roof in a violent hailstorm. We are being taxed to the tune of



A STIFF CLIMB IN LAKELAND: A WOLSELEY "FIFTEEN" ASCENDING RED BANK, GRASMERE—ON A GRADIENT OF 1 IN 3.3.

some ten millions a year for the roads, and I think we have a distinct grievance against highway authorities who adopt these methods of rendering their roads



FOR THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN AND HIS STAFF: A FLEET OF CARS SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. HARRODS.

The photograph shows the cars near the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion outside the Houses of Parliament. Photograph by P.P.P.

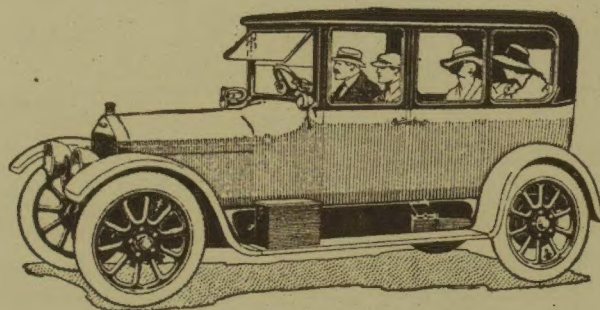
dustless. Whether there is any remedy in law is another matter; but, in view of the decision to which I have referred, it would be just as well if the motoring organisations would look into the question.

Angus-Sanderson Reconstruction. I am very pleased indeed to know that the Angus-Sanderson car is not to disappear as a result of the financial troubles which have recently beset the firm responsible for its production. I have received a copy of a letter sent out by the receiver, in which is announced the fact that a satisfactory scheme of reconstruction has been arrived at, and immediate steps are being taken for the re-establishment of the business on a permanent basis. Owing to the enormous cost of maintaining the factory at Birtley, it has been decided to adapt the works of Messrs. Tylor, who were responsible for the engine of the Angus-Sanderson, to the construction of the car as a whole. In the meantime, a certain number of cars are to be assembled at Birtley, but as soon as possible these works will be vacated and production centred at New Southgate. I understand that the price of the touring car has been fixed at £545. The Angus-Sanderson has always struck me as a car which embodied a sincere effort to give the motoring public a vehicle for which there was a distinct demand. That is apart altogether from the financial methods which led to the liquidation of the firm. It would have been a very great pity if manufacture could not have been continued, just when all the inevitable troubles attending the production of a new car had been satisfactorily surmounted.

A Rolls-Royce Acquisition. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., have secured for a

long term of years the services of Mr. A. J. Rowledge, who for a considerable time past has been chief designer for the Napier Company. Previously to his appointment to Napier's, Mr. Rowledge occupied a similar position with the Wolseley Company. He is best known as the designer of the Napier "Lion" and "Cub" aero engines, the former of which is undoubtedly the most successful aero-motor hitherto produced. The "Cub" is a newer production, and has yet to prove its worth in the air, though on the record of its predecessor it ought to do very well.—W. W.

The "WOLSELEY" FIFTEEN

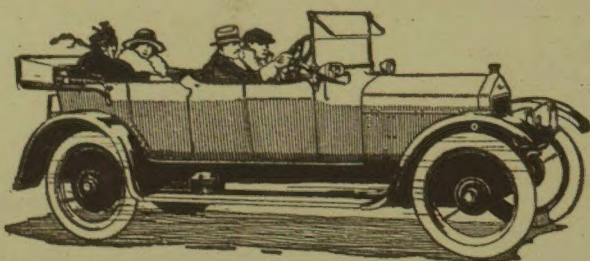


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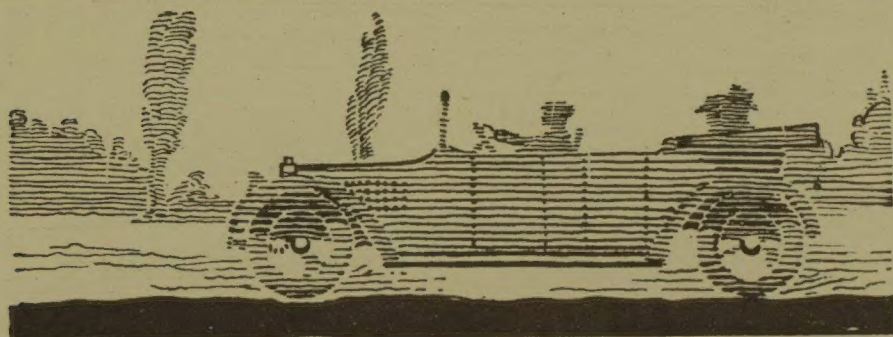
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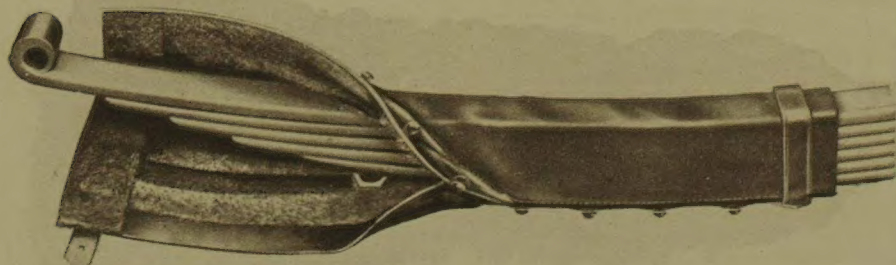
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The Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd., beg to notify the public that, for the greater convenience of their clients, they have decided to transfer their Southern Service and Repair Works from Cricklewood to larger and more commodious premises at

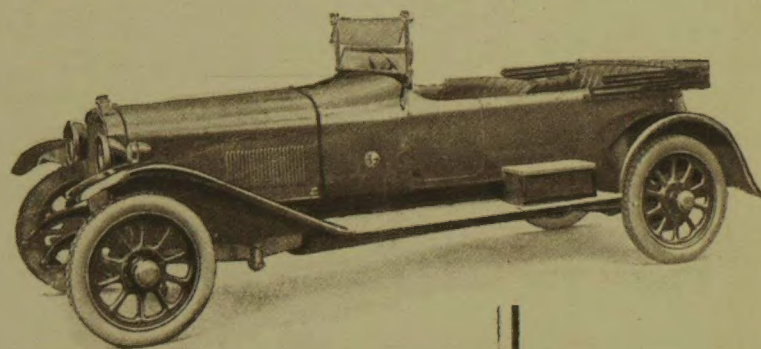
177, THE VALE, ACTON, LONDON, W. 3

An advantage of this change is that facilities will now be available for completely fitting up bodies and undertaking paint work, in addition to chassis repairs and overhauls. Sunbeam cars will be dealt with only by men of long experience in their manufacture and assembly, and owners may, as heretofore, confidently rely upon prompt and efficient service.

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THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THE latest issues of stamps for the free city of Danzig provide some interesting novelties for the collector. As most of my readers are aware, this Baltic city and the surrounding territory constitute a free city under the protection of the League of Nations, with a British High Commissioner.



New stamps issued by the Free City of Danzig: Nos. 1 to 4.—Four of the five smaller size, with a full-rigged war-ship of the Hanseatic period. No. 5.—One of the five mark values in the larger size, with similar design. Nos. 6, 7, and 8.—Three of the new set of five aero stamps, showing an aeroplane hovering over Danzig. (All fully described, with details of colouring, in the accompanying article).—[Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.]

Since last July the citizens have been provided with special stamps, at first of a provisional character, the ordinary German stamps overprinted "Danzig" in Gothic, or in flowing script lettering. These have already been illustrated in these pages.

At last the provisional stamps have been replaced by a series of ten stamps in two special designs, the central feature of each of which is a full-rigged war vessel of the Hanseatic period, which figures in the arms of the city. There are five pfennig denominations in the small size depicted, and five mark values in the larger format. On each stamp is the date, 15. xi. 1920, the issue being intended to commemorate the establishment of a Constituent Assembly, as provided for in the Constitution of the free city. The stamps were designed and printed locally in the printing works of Julius Sauer, of Danzig; they are not perforated in the usual way, but are rouletted with a series of zig-zag rules which cut into the paper and weaken it, so that it acts like a perforation in separating the stamps from a sheet. The full set of values and colours comprises: 5 pfennig, brown and

violet; 10 pfennig, orange and blue-black; 25 pfennig, green and carmine; 40 pfennig, carmine; 80 pfennig, ultramarine; 1 mark, red and grey-black; 2 marks, deep blue and olive-green; 3 marks, deep violet and green; 5 marks, blue-black and carmine; and 10 marks, grey-green and yellow brown.

A new set of aero-stamps has also appeared this month, to replace the temporary set of three German-Danzig stamps overprinted with biplane and winged posthorn emblems. The new stamps, designed and printed in Danzig at the same works as the set described above, show an aeroplane hovering over the city of Danzig, the skyline of which is effectively shown in silhouette in the lower part of the stamp. The complete set of these stamps, for use on mail sent by air posts, consists of these five values: 40 pfennig, green; 60 pfennig, purple; 1 mark crimson; 2 marks, brown; 5 marks, blue. The first four of these stamps are perforated 14; the 5 marks, which is of a large oblong size, is rouletted 13½.

"EMMA."
AT THE
ST. JAMES'S.

SOME three years ago Mr. Herbert

Thomas knocked off a lively little sketch the humours of which turned on a man's breach-of-promise case, and "Stopping the Breach," as this Gilbertian trifle was styled, proved very popular with variety theatre audiences. The author has had the idea of expanding his sketch into a full three-act play, the result being "Emma," matinee performances of which are now being given at the St. James's; but Mr. Thomas's first two acts are not written in the same key as the court scene, which comes last, and robs us of its surprise. If Mr. Thomas had not already given us highly interesting stage-work, as in "Sinners Both," we might find it hard to forgive him. His players do their best. Nobody could make Lady Emma Jones intelligible, but Miss Amy Brandon Thomas makes her amusing; while the facetious judge of Mr. Horton, the gruff policeman of Mr.



AN EX-ENEMY STEAMER FOR PLEASURE CRUISES TO NORWAY: THE ORIENT COMPANY'S NEW BOAT, "ORMUZ" (FORMERLY THE "ZEPPELIN").

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